

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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## THE PRINCE OF WALES'S TOUR IN CANADA.

Editorial Correspondence.

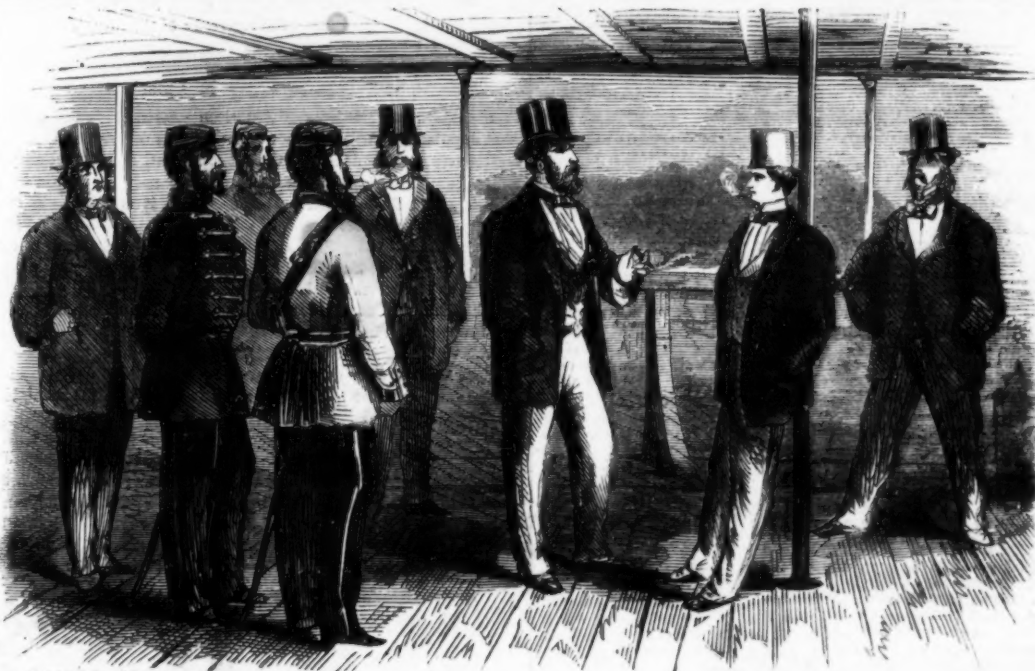
QUEBEC, August 22.

In honor of the arrival of the Prince of Wales the weather has accommodated itself as near as possible to represent the variable climate of England. Not a few of the well meant and loyal ovations have been robbed of half their brilliancy by lowering skies, drizzling rain and obscuring fogs. Yet, notwithstanding these unfortuitous circumstances, the demonstrations of respect and love have everywhere been of the warmest and most enthusiastic character. The course of the Prince's tour since our last issue has been *en route* for Quebec. We then left him on his way to Charlottetown, Prince Edward's Island, where he arrived on board the *Hero* at noon on August the 9th. He was greeted by thundering salutes from the men of war present—the *Valorous*, *Cossack*, *Flying Fish*, *Ariadne* and the French war steamer *Pomona*. The yards of all the ships were manned, flags flying, and the demonstrations on shore were of the most enthusiastic description.

### The Prince of Wales at Charlottetown.

On landing he was received by the Governor, the Judges, the members of the Legislature, the Mayor and Corporation, and the heads of the Departments. There was a vast concourse of people who gave vent to their loyal feelings by loud shouts, waving of hats, handkerchiefs, &c.

On Sunday morning the Prince left the Government House in an open carriage to attend church. He was accompanied by Mrs. Manners Sutton, the wife of the Governor, the Governor and the Duke of Newcastle. He held a levee the following day, which was largely attended, and was present at the opening of the new Park. He also was present at a grand ball given in his honor, and danced himself into the hearts of the many beautiful



Duke's Secretary. Gen. Trollope. Aide de Camp. Duke of Newcastle. Prince of Wales. Gen. Twissdale.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND SUITE ON BOARD THE STEAMER FOREST QUEEN.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



STERNE'S ILLUSTRATION.—MR. D. S. PRINCE CARRYING THE PRINCE OF WALES FROM A ROCK TO THE MAIN LAND. THE TIDE OF THE ST. MARGUERITE RIVER HAD RISEN WHEN THE PRINCE WAS FISHING, AND SURROUNDED THE ROCK.

ladies present. His courteous affability and genuine kindness of heart endear him to all classes.

### The Prince of Wales at Gaspé.

At Gaspé, Canada East, the Prince was met by Sir Edmund Walker Head, the Governor-General of the Canadas and the other Colonies of her Majesty in North America, together with the officers of State.

At sunset on the 14th inst. the squadron met the Canadian Government steamers *Lady Head* and *Victoria*, with the Governor-General on board, and the vessels anchored for the night. The Governor went on board the *Hero* on Monday morning, and the squadron proceeded into Gaspé basin. While passing a fishing village, which fired a salute, the *Hero* grounded on a spit, but was got off with little delay. A deputation came off, headed by the Sheriff, and presented an address, welcoming the Prince, and requesting a free port to be established there to be called Port Albert. The Prince replied that he felt gratified for their kind wishes, but the change of name depended on the local authorities. It is understood the change will be made.

### Departure for Quebec.

The Canadian Ministers then went aboard the Prince's ship, and were presented. The squadron then got under weigh and left Gaspé Bay, and after some hours' sailing, during which time it encountered a heavy fog, arrived off the mouth of the Saguenay River about eight A. M. the 16th inst. The Prince then went on the *Victoria* and proceeded up the Saguenay, accompanied by the little steamer *Tadausac*, the fleet remaining outside. The day was very showery and cold, but the Prince and party admired the wild grandeur of the scenery very much. He went up forty-five miles, passed Cape Cheny and returned, reaching the *Hero* about nightfall. Among the novel sights was the lake steamer *Magnet*, whose two tiers of cabins above deck excited surprise among the Prince's party.

On Thursday, although a cold and unpleasant day, the Prince went fishing in the Saguenay, and, after this sport, which was, be believe, particularly good, he returned to the fleet and started on the following day for Quebec.

The Prince of Wales Caught by the Tide while Fishing in the St. Marguerite River, near the junction of the Saguenay.

Among the amusing incidents of the Prince's visit to America we must not miss his fishing party in the St. Marguerite. Having heard much of the finny sport, his Royal Highness formed a party of five to spend a day in that romantic locality. In their pursuit of the sport the Prince got separated from the rest. Tempted by a jutting rock the Prince got to the end of it, and throwing his line around with a patient victory of Isaac Wilson the salmon was there. But the tide not being inside of the



than it was in the days of Canute, silently surrounded the rock on which the royal fisherman sat. On a sudden the Prince saw his retreat was cut off, and not wishing to plunge in and swim ashore—for he is an excellent swimmer—he called for assistance. Mr. D. E. Price, a gentleman who owns a large tract of land in the neighborhood of the spot where the Prince was fishing, was near at hand, and hearing the Prince call for a canoe to take him from the island rock, immediately waded to the rock and offered to take the Prince ashore. At first the Prince refused, but finally got on the gentleman's back and was safely landed.

This pleasing little incident will most likely be long remembered by both Mr. Price and the Prince in after years, when the subject of the Prince's fishing visit to the Saguenay is recurred to.

(Continued on page 226.)

### BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.

THIS establishment has resumed its former popularity, and is once more the resort of EVERY LOVER OF THE WONDERFUL, THE CURIOUS OR THE AMUSING. With an energy and foresight unsurpassed, everything novel is SECURED FOR EXHIBITION THERE,

and the public is always sure to find ten times the value of their money, for notwithstanding the immense collection of Living and Preserved Curiosities, and the

SPLENDID PERFORMANCES EVERY AFTERNOON AND EVENING, the admittance to all is only 25 cents. Children under ten, 15 cents.

### FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 1, 1860.

All Communications, Books for Review, &c., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE 19 City Hall Square, New York.

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#### NOTICE TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

We shall be much obliged to our photographic friends if they will write in pencil the name and description on the back of each picture, together with their own name and address. This notice is rendered necessary from the fact that so many photographs are sent to us from our friends throughout the country without one word of explanatory matter, they giving us credit for being in rapport with everything that transpires or exists in all parts of the United States. The columns of our paper prove that we are up with the times in almost everything which occurs of public importance throughout the world, still we are not so ubiquitous but that something may occur beyond the circuit of our far-reaching information. To save labor and insure accuracy, descriptions and names (as above indicated) should, in all cases, accompany photographic pictures or sketches.

#### Foreign News.

**Great Britain.**—The House of Commons had granted the subsidy to the Galway Company, thus virtually confirming the contract. The anxiety of England to sustain her steamship lines is in marked contrast to our indifference to our naval efficiency. Lord John Russell explained the Syrian Convention. It was to be a joint expedition, France taking the prominent part. Quiet reigned in Damascus, and four hundred of the ringleaders had been arrested, and were to be tried for complicity in the massacres. All the retribution in the world will not change the fanatic Turk—he must be driven from Europe. It is rumored that Lord Stratford de Redcliffe is to be sent to Constantinople on a special mission to advise the Sultan. The Queen had reviewed twenty-two thousand Scotch Riflemen at Edinburgh, and the Lord Lieutenant of the county had reviewed a large body of Lancashire Volunteers. The idea has struck deep root into the English heart, and is redolent of Agincourt, Cressy and Waterloo. Louis Napoleon's letter to Persigny has been a failure, and will only call his perfidy more conspicuously to the mast of public opinion should he contemplate any war with England. There is, unfortunately for the honor of the American name, a few foreign scribbles on our press who would hail with delight any villainy which would damage England.

**France.**—The expedition to Syria has sailed, and humanity owes a debt to Louis Napoleon for his promptitude. He made the following characteristic speech to his troops before they sailed:

"SOLDIERS—You leave for Syria. France hails with joy an expedition the sole object of which is to cause the rights of justice and humanity to triumph. You do not go to make war against a foreign nation, but to assist the Sultan in bringing back to obedience his subjects, who are blinded by the fanaticism of the former century. In that district you have great reminiscences. Fulfill your duty; show yourselves worthy to be the children of those who once gloriously carried into that country the banner of Christ. You do not leave in great numbers, but your courage and prestige supply the deficiency; because whenever the French flag is seen to pass, the nations know that a great cause precedes it and a great people follow it."

**Germany.**—Nothing of importance, although it seemed evident that the policy of Prussia and Austria were becoming more in accordance with the interests of Germany, as contradicted from that of France.

**Italy.**—Garibaldi had not yet invaded the Peninsula, although he was preparing. He had written a letter (so it was said) to Victor Emmanuel, announcing his determination of driving the Austrians out of Venetia when he had liberated Naples. The Sicilians were growling at a tax aid by Garibaldi. What a commentary on the ingratitude of man! Here is a nation rescued from the most odious of tyrannies by a hero, and grudging a small dole for their deliverance! Such creatures are beasts, not men! Their natural state would seem to be slavery. It was said that Austria had promised to assist the Pope should Garibaldi attack the Papal dominions. This would not be allowed by either France or England, both of whom had declared for non-intervention. The popular feeling is very strong in both these countries in favor of Garibaldi. The uncle of the King of Naples has written a letter to Prince Carignan, in which he had openly declared himself in favor of Italian Unity under Victor Emmanuel.

**The Japanese at the Cape de Verde.**—The Japanese have arrived at the Cape de Verde Islands in the Niagara, on their way to Japan. They arrived at St. Vincent on the 17th July, after a fine run of eighteen days. Nothing of special interest occurred during the passage, the "illustrious rangers" employing their time in studying the English language, and working at their official account of their trip to be presented to the Tycoon. They seem to be very happy, and eat, drank, smoked and conversed with great freedom. The renowned Tommy has written a very characteristic letter, in which he announces his determination to return and study at Annapolis. He is decidedly approving in his English, and mentions the Leland with much gratitude. The general moral tone of the ship's company is very exemplary, and reflects the almost credit upon Captain McKean, Lieutenant Brown and his brother officers. The Niagara is a ship of which we may be proud in every point of view, and we shall be glad to see her back again in American waters.

**The Irrepressible Walker.**—The gray-eyed man of Destiny, whose persistent and yet erratic career we have so often illustrated, is once more in his native element, "Filibusteria." The last news is that he has taken Truxillo, and means to keep it. The resistance was very slight, one gun only being fired, which wounded two of Walker's men. One of his schooners, the Clifton, was captured by the British, who kept the vessel, but sent the crew to New Orleans.

#### The Year of Sensations.

The last few months have been a round of sensations. Every one has presented a spectacle, and the curtain has fallen to the music of public applause. The drama has not been a tragedy

nor a comedy. It has partaken of the nature of the Shakespearian plays, in which both are intermingled, just as they are in human life. We have now the earnest fanatic on the stage, then the buffoon—anon comes the philosopher, the hero or the tyrant. What a motley procession! First the John Brown fanaticism, half burlesque, half murder—then the Speakership insanity and the Helper excitement—then came the galvanic shock of the Pemberton Mills catastrophe—the Lynn shoe strike. These are now about as stale as though they had been antediluvian traditions. Then came the grander shocks we received in the Japanese Embassy—which brought us face to face with the Eastern Antipodes, and crushed at one blow the exclusive system of ages. As the serious Orientals disappeared, the marine marvel of naval ingenuity overshadowed us with its magnitude and mismanagement. It came like a substantial spectre, with the shrouds of Brunel and Harrison at the main head. Then came the pleasant interlude of the Chicago Zouaves, those Rapiers of our glorious militia, who, as General Hatfield well observes, came to "show us what soldiers should be—models of activity, temperance and courtesy—and destined to raise our military standard, more by their self-denial than a dozen victories in the tented field." As a fitting diapason to this varied symphony, we have the son of Victoria, the model sovereign of Constitutional England, whose crinoline is a tower of strength, more impregnable than all the *crevasses des frises* and redoubts of Sebastopol. He comes to give the crowning sensation to a series of shows got up for the special amusement of the American people. Well may we call this the *annus mirabilis* of New York, and as such we have illustrated it. When the Prince has been, it will be time enough to look after new sensations, quite sure that there are plenty in store in the managerial repertoire of the future.

#### The Prince of Wales in America.

It must be admitted that the American people are full of generous impulses, and that they do nothing by halves. There is not one speck of littleness in their demonstrations of hospitality, and, although their enthusiasm perchance may spring up too suddenly and from insufficient causes, still it is but erring on the right side, and the generous impulse leaves a halo behind it.

The advent of the young Prince of Wales, the descendant of our ancient enemy, but the son of our very good friend, is calling out a spontaneous expression of that impulsive hospitality which is so brilliant a phase of our national character. To our thinking, it does not show one particle of that mean spirit of flunkism which seeks out opportunities to catch "lions" and show them off for our own delectation. It is a genuine feeling, and is as honorable to those who offer the courtesies as it is flattering to those who receive them.

In the case of the Prince of Wales, the demonstration has been more general than on any other occasion. Cities have tendered to the Prince extended hospitalities, and private individuals are vying with each other in the race of hospitality. Already, in New York, many of the splendid mansions of our wealth and respected citizens have been offered without reservation as his residence, and the desire seems general, although the Prince comes to us as a private individual, that he should not be lodged at a hotel. We think it probable that the offer of the suburban residence of his Honor Mayor Wood will be accepted, and will be found eminently agreeable to the Prince.

The feeling in New York is to show the greatest amount of respect and honor to the future heir to the British Crown, with as little ostentation and parade as possible. This is the sentiment of the entire community, and we feel profound confidence in the committee selected from the best and most respected of our citizens, who have the charge of the arrangements, that they will jealously guard the character of our city from all aspersions of toadyism or obtrusiveness, and, at the same time, render sufficient honor and respect to one whose position entitles him to every consideration.

#### Taunton Lunatics.

Nor many days since, as we write, Coroner Jackman held an inquest at Bellevue Hospital on the body of a woman some seventy years of age, who had died at that institution of abscess of the brain. From the testimony of a Sergeant of the Fourth Ward police, it appeared that the deceased, who was, while alive, a lunatic, had been brought with two other persons also of unsound mind, by a hackdriver, from the New Haven railroad station to the Castle Garden emigrant depot. They had been in charge of a young man, who, after having them conveyed as above stated, gave the cabdriver the slip without paying him. As the woman was found to be actually in a dying condition, she was sent to the hospital.

Now for the full facts of this case, which reveal a depth of iniquity and loathsome meanness almost beyond parallel. On examination of the surviving patients by Justice Welsh, it appeared that these poor creatures—one of them literally dying with an agonizing disease—had been sent to this city from Taunton, Massachusetts, where they had been inmates of a Lunatic Asylum. While requiring the utmost care, one of them being in that condition in which ordinary humanity "would not turn a dog out of doors;" yes, while the woman was literally dying with abscess of the brain, they had been tumbled about from railroad car to cab, jolted through the city, and left in the hands of a cheated cabman to transfer to proper care! There is in this something so vile, so devilish, that we are loth to believe that even a single individual exists whose moral sense is so fearfully diseased that he would deliberately inflict such suffering on wretched, pauper lunatics!

What must then be the feelings of the reader, who very naturally concludes, under the circumstances, and from the testimony, that it was not the act of one person but in all probability of several—of some benevolent Taunton Board of Managers or pious Select Men—if they have such articles in that moral village—or at least of some persons into whose very Christian hands is committed the charge of the poor and friendless and insane of the community. These persons "calculating" to save money, either for the taxpayers or their own pockets, "guessed," we presume, that it would not be a bad notion to quietly slip their lunatic and dying poor into the metropolis, and transfer with them all the expense of burying said paupers to the New Yorkers. And according to the only earthly measure of motives

and standard of acts generally appreciated by such persons, it must be admitted that it was very cute indeed—as sharp a piece of mean and nasty swindling as ever came into the head of a Taunton Committee man or manager.

We are perfectly aware that all comments on the contemptible villainy of this transaction would, so far from shaming the original authors of the inhuman and infamous trick, simply cause a grin of satisfaction at their success. Men who are utterly base and imbruted receive as a compliment the branding which causes higher minds to writhe with the sense of disgrace. People who believe in sharp practice and chuckle over "cute tricks" are not to be shamed. But there are tens of thousands—we do not say of honorable, but commonly decent people—who will feel for the creatures who are so lost to the simplest instincts of kindness as to hurry dying lunatic women out of their town or hospital, for fear of having to incur the paltry expense of a little medicine and a pauper's burial.

It is usual to speak of "the wickedness of New York." Over and over again is this city called Sodom and Gomorrah—probably by Taunton overseers of the poor—and the number of deaths occurring here, and the vast amount of paupers and criminals and deaths in New York, furnish abundant material for editorials in the newspapers of neighboring States, which boast highly of their freedom from pauperism and their low average of deaths as compared to those of the metropolis. No wonder. Cast your dirt over your neighbor's wall and then revile him for being filthy.

This instance of Taunton scoundrelism is not a solitary case. Repeatedly have our police reported cases of paupers, discharged criminals and invalids sent from small towns in the interior of neighboring States to our city. It is difficult to avoid this; when a dying man is found in the street, it is not easy to ascertain all the circumstances under which he reached New York. One thing we can at least do—we can chronicle such cases when they come to our knowledge, and point out the iniquity of those who, to save a few dollars, are guilty of the most infamous inhumanity.

#### New York Editors in Quebec.

The brilliant and graphic writer whose letters, signed "Howard," in the New York *Daily Times* are so widely read and justly admired, gives the following pleasant and witty description of the courtesies shown to some of the editorial fraternity of this city, during the festivities in honor of the Prince of Wales in Quebec. We give his own words:

These were all who were permitted access to the pavilion, with the exception of three distinguished and eminently good-looking people from New York, who were received with all the honors, taken to the front rank, introduced to the nobles and all the other bobs, and assisted in the observation of the passing of any and everything of note. The grand-maid in a skull cap and white shoes, having a full, round red face and a protruding gastronomic rotator, was Mr. FRANK LESLIE; the little chap in a fancy light suit, with gray eyes, an incipient mustache and a slight limp, was Fisk, of the *Harvard*; and the short, fat man with gray hair, black eyes, spectacles and mail clothes, was the humble individual who modestly withholds name from the public, but whose name will be recognized at the end of this letter. It was indeed a rare royal highness rolled into one we couldn't have been let or taken care of, but we take this occasion to return our sincere thanks to Hon. John Roe, his Honor the Mayor, and Messrs. Hall and Korwin, of this city, for their kind and thoughtful attention to our comfort and enjoyment.

#### Ninety Cent Stamps and Money Orders.

The Postal Department is becoming accommodating. It has decreed that ninety cent stamps are to be issued, and as they long have been and still are greatly needed, we return thanks in the name of a large number of readers for the favor. A favor, we say; for though one would think that any arrangement for public convenience and public wants is, when obtained, simply given by the public itself to itself, through its servants, such is not the view generally entertained at Washington by anybody. The public there invariably stand before the dignitaries like hungry beggars—thirty million Oliver Twists asking for more, "nuisance-ing" their betters with importunate mendicancy. Such has, at least, been the tone and style of our head letter-carriers, from Postmaster Campbell, who openly sneered at the Press as a small body of individuals clamorous for peculiar privilege, down to Master Holt, who, though less open in his expression, has decidedly favored one or two reactionary measures, for which editors and the public owe him very few thanks indeed.

Slow as he is, however, Master Holt deserves credit for many things. He came, from the first day, into as doleful an inheritance of hard work as any mortal ever encountered, and fought well against the giant Deficiency and the dragon Contractor. He had a hard row to hoe, and he held it almost as well as could be expected under the circumstances. Finally, he has given us ninety cent stamps, and though these, in the face of public wants, are something like vanilla wafers to a hungry man, they are still very good so far as they go.

Meanwhile, we wish to know why it is that the public has never been informed, why it is that the Washington authorities deem it inexpedient to oblige the public with what the public very much needs—the English system of Money Orders? When a man wishes to remit a large or small amount to any one, even in a neighboring town, he has the choice of two evils, either to pay a heavy shave for a draft, or send bank notes in a letter, with the pleasing probability that they may be appropriated *in transitu*. Experience, as sufferers, has taught most editors, and especially most publishers of illustrated journals, that the proportion of people who can guess at sight whether a letter is "loaded" or not is very large indeed. If Government would simply issue Post Office Money Orders, charging a very small percentage for brokerage, there would be no further occasion for complaint that the Postal Department does not meet its expenses. This subject has been thoroughly examined, thoroughly discussed, and in England thoroughly tested. Common sense and experience show that we should have it forthwith, and nothing but the most trivial spirit of red-taping and raising ifs and buts can contend against it.

It is not the convenience or inconvenience of Post Office clerks which should be regarded in adopting measures like these, but the great question of public expediency. Like railroads, telegraphs and free postage, the Money Order system would be found to greatly stimulate and encourage exchanges, or, in practical parlance, "business." Whatever facilitates general business gives a radical stimulus to industry of every description. And of all proposed reforms, we know of none which would act more directly or beneficially in facilitating buying and selling than the Money Order system.



## EDITORIAL GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

The most Foresighted American Journals are becoming alarmed at the complicated state of our politics. We cannot help thinking the national want of patience is here at fault. The experiment is not complete—the circle is only half way through. A well-known politician lately advocated ten year Presidents, and went in strong for the Cabinet Ministers being in Congress. Only fancy the indignity offered lately by Mr. Buchanan to the American Eagle—the receiving our intelligence from San Juan through Lord John Russell! We allude to the recall of General Harney. If Governor Floyd were, like Lord Palmerston, exposed to the cross-questioning of the members, he would not lend himself to any male transactions. We want our Cab net placed face to face with the people. We will not any longer have these "Jacks in a box for four years," where nobody can get at them. Nero burnt Rome in a night, and played the banjo as it burnt. It is therefore not wise to trust the Seven Sleepers of Washington with a four years' nap. The American Eagle might die under one of these nightmares!

John Brougham has written some pleasant, earnest verses while "on the bosom" of the Atlantic, which he dedicates to his wife:

They tell me that the eastern winds blow bitterly and keen,  
But ah! they hurry to the land where dwells my bosom queen,  
Breathe gently o'er her as she sleeps, commingled with the sighs  
That, torn of blended love and fear, unceasingly arise.  
So may my spirit visit hers, though we are far apart,  
And whisper to her thoughts of me within her conscious heart.

It may be, ere to-morrow's sun shall sink beneath the main,  
The fickle and inconstant breeze will travel back again,  
Shamed by the strong fidelity that all her life has shown,  
And tempered by the gentleness that hales her onward.  
Protecting angels be her guard whatever may betide,  
For she has been, through calm and storm, my comfort and my guide.

After this who can doubt but that Brougham excels in the domestic virtues as he does in dramatic genius?

There can be no Doubt that the causes of many fires have been discovered by means of the Fire Marshal, but the morbid or corrupt desire to trace every fire to design is an absurdity or a villainy. Last April a cigar store in Broadway was burnt down. The Insurance Company having some doubts sent for the Fire Marshal, and his inquiries seem to justify this fire company in not paying, and a long suit is the result. The ground of the refusal is, that a shopman named Peever swore that he heard Lambert advise Perley to set the store on fire; and yet the very evening it was burnt the proprietor had a supper party, among whom were Mr. Henry Wood and others equally respectable. We hope this matter will be thoroughly investigated, and either Perley or Peever punished.

The St. Paul Pioneer has a very unthinking way of hurting the feelings of old politicians. In quoting our excellent President's well-known exclamation "that he was one of the last survivors of a race of men," &c., the St. Paul Pioneer adds, "For this we cannot be too thankful!"

The Daily News of the 21st August contains two instances of brutality in the conductors of the Second Avenue cars, which ought to be taken up by the directors. In the second case the number of the car is given, namely, No. 87. Let the stalwart men who ride up in that car keep an eye on the brute, and reward him at the first opportunity.

Spain is to be admitted into the rank of the Great Powers. The London Post says that in agreeing to this proposition, the initiation of which was undertaken by France, Lord Palmerston is determined to make Spain act up to her treaty obligations with England regarding the slave trade, her isolated condition at the present time giving her a sort of immunity from those obligations which are considered as honorably binding upon other nations.

The New Orleans Bee is acquiring an unenviable reputation for the imagination of its facts and the memory of its wit. In our last we copied from its lively but unreliable columns a fancy story of a Mr. Fleury who had been drowned in the Arctic six years ago, coming to life and reclaiming his wife, who had subsequently married his clerk, Mr. Webber. Mrs. Webber has written to the New Orleans press denouncing the story as a cruel fabrication for the purpose of wounding her feelings. Having copied the report we cheerfully make the correction.

Some of the American papers are making Braymins of themselves by inventing or circulating stories about the Prince of Wales that must be all bogus. The Rochester Democrat has one in which the Prince figures as the hero of a spanking from his royal mother. All this is very silly. We advise the Democrat, before it indulges in these anecdotal impulses, to write to the Duke of Newcastle to ascertain the truth of the anecdotes.

## PERSONAL.

HARRIET MARTINEAU says: "The Prince of Wales will soon be among you. I need hardly offer the word of warning which yet it may be as well to utter—that all gossiping stories about his love affairs, or any other pranks, some of which have appeared in American newspapers, are altogether false. It is a pity that any Englishman stoops to write such unworthy nonsense to your journals. The Prince is only eighteen, he is always been carefully guarded and accompanied; and his relaxations from his studies, and the really serious objects of his life have been beautiful field sports and worthy manly pleasures. Other families and individuals can defend their reputations. Royal families and young princes cannot; and every fair minded person is indignant accordingly, when they are libelled."

The Treasurer of Amherst College, has lately received from Mr. David Sears, of Boston, a heretofore liberal benefactor of the college, a small and carefully sealed box, with the instruction that it is not to be opened for one hundred years, on pain of a forfeiture of the gift which it contains. Speculation is at fault as to the contents and the reason for the accompanying condition. The shrewdest guess is that the box holds deeds of real estate in Boston now under lease for one hundred years, but then to be transferred to the college. But let us be patient till 1960, and then we shall know, says the Springfield Republican.

ALFRED DICKENS, brother of the great novelist, died at Manchester, England, a few days ago. He was an engineer. His disease was rapid consumption from cold. He was the handsomest of the four brothers—Charles, Frederick, Alfred and Augustus.

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S GRAVE, at Norwood, has had a fine slab of marble placed above it, bearing the following inscription: "To Douglas William Jerrold. Died June 7th, 1857. An English writer, whose works will keep his memory green better than any epitaph."

Kossuth is now in Paris, his family remaining in London.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, in her sickness and retirement, is cheered by a continuous stream of blessings, that takes its fountain-head from her merciful sojourn in the Crimea. A very elegant little present has been forwarded to her by a grateful officer, who recovered under her exertions. It consists of a small repeating watch in a ring, the cylinder of which is made of an oriental ruby. Its diameter is the fifty-fourth part of an inch, its length the forty-seventh, and its weight the two hundredth part of a grain.

PIETRO BOCCHINI, a Roman tragic actor who formed part of the Ristori company, has just died at Amsterdam, at the age of thirty-nine. In 1849, he received two stabs with a poisoned little below the heart, and at his cries the murderer ran away, exclaiming, "My God! I have mistaken my man." Bocchini never completely recovered from the effects of his wounds.

JOHN BROUGHAM has been received in the most flattering manner in London. Dion Boucicault's career has been so rocky, as Tom Taylor has challenged him to mortal combat. Dion's first move on English land was to puff himself, for he got a paragraph into one of the London papers declaring himself to be the regenerator of the American Stage, in point of fact, the Betty Martin Luther of the footlights.

A YOUNG JEWESS, aged nineteen, has just made an immense sensation in Brussels. It is said she is equal to Rachel. She will soon make her debut in Paris. Her name is Judith Tordoux.

VICTOR C. AUDUBON, the son of the great ornithologist, is dead. His funeral took place on Sunday, and was attended by a distinguished circle of the elite in the arts and sciences.

JULIUS D. HAYDEN, for some time past agent of the press at New Orleans, died on Monday night, in Philadelphia, of consumption.

MR. JESSE SANES, a well-known and highly respected citizen of South Baltimore, died at his residence on the 12th inst. Mr. Sanes was for many years a member of the shipbuilding firm of Sanks & Rigin, in which connection he was extensively known abroad. At the time of his death he had attained the age of fifty-four years.

MR. CHARLES BURR died at his residence, in Saratoga, on the 7th inst. The superior of wealth, he was of courteous disposition, and for years preferred a committee appointed by the courts to take charge of his wealth. Generous and upright, he was generally respected. His age was about seventy years. He was the nearest male relative of the distinguished Aaron Burr. Mr. Burr had a very eventful life. A few years since he was so poor that he was forced to peddle almanacs around Albany for a living. In 1854 he fell heir to a large fortune. He soon afterwards married a Miss Holdridge, a grandniece of the late Senator Young. Since his marriage he has resided in Saratoga.

MR. JOKAN, who has been absent in Europe for some months, has just returned.

We copy from the Tribune the following pleasant account of Mr. W. S. F. Mayers, a gentleman who was for a considerable period of time upon our editorial staff. His rare abilities, promptitude, exactness and truly amiable and endearing manners turned casual acquaintance into fast friends, and the pleasant news which follows will be cordially welcomed by a very large circle in which he is warmly remembered:

"Mr. W. S. F. Mayers, a native of the British Colony of Tasmania, while engaged upon FRANK LESLIE'S NEWSPAPER some two years since, received from Lord Malmesbury an appointment as student-interpreter at the English Consulate in Shanghai. He immediately proceeded to China, and has since so well employed his time that in a recent examination of more than thirty interpreters attached to the various British Consulates in China, many of whom had resided there some years, he was placed third on the list. He has since been appointed, at a liberal salary, one of the interpreters to the Legation. Mr. Mayers' facility of acquiring tongues was well known to his friends in this country. Although not yet twenty-two when he left New York, he not only read and spoke eight or ten different languages, but was familiar with their literatures. He wrote 'The Guano,' 'El Sianero,' and other articles for the Atlantic Monthly. One of the last acts of the late Mr. Prescott was a letter to Mr. Mayers, accompanying a presentation set of his complete works."

## PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

French vanity and wit—G. Bourdin—A cosmopolite critic—American fun—Preserving the dead—Muscle mania in Paris—Léotard—Madame Blondin and her husband of Niagara fame.

It is a remarkable and curious fact, which will find its way some day into the possession of critics and book-writers, that the great cosmopolites and humorists of Europe are beginning to rapidly discover the salient points of American character and attribute to them their real value. A man, for instance, like G. Bourdin, of Figaro, who has a keen appreciation of English, French or German wit, and who loves those wide ranges of greatly varied thought which characterize the man of the world and scholar, can very well do justice to the infinite quaintness and shrewd extravagance of the true man of the West. In his last, Bourdin is very properly tickled with Bayard Taylor's story of the American who went heads and tails on a coin with the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, for the right of passing in a narrow muddy place. Glancing at the coin the American carelessly exclaimed, "You have won, sir!" and stepped aside. "A friend to whom I told this," says the jolly Bourdin, "shot me high in the air by remarking, 'It was worthy of a Frenchman!' Poor friend who imagines that wit is the exclusive privilege of his fellow-countrymen."

There is really something fine and refreshing in finding such hearty cosmopolitanism in a Frenchman. If there is any one thing of which nearly all France is persuaded at the present day, even as it was in the time of conceited Pere Bohours, it is that nearly all the wit and humor in the world is confined to France. England and Germany are indeed believed to have a certain stupid, coarse pot-house humor, capable of producing grand bursts of laughter over ale and punch; but real wit, if it by chance glimmers out in the charmed precincts of some foreign court, is believed to be solely an imitation of the original Gallic article. It is something for a man in such a country with such a faith to show that he knows that national humor or wit is world-wide, abounding wherever men are real and vigorous and earnest. Of course Bourdin appreciates Heine, the greatest wit, humorist and sketch-writer of Continental Europe for thirty years past, and does justice to one whom the French themselves admit was the most brilliant of authors since the days of Voltaire. With equal generosity—admitting that Heine was really as much French as German, Bourdin says that, leaving aside Sterne and S.-t, Dickens and Thackeray prove that one may be very "gay" and amusing without having been born on the old French soil.

Fifteen years ago it was the thing in Paris to be embalmed—after death always—by M. Gannal. All our literary men had something to say about Gannal. Jules Janin in his mass of stupid twaddle called "The American in Paris"—don't confound this with Sanderson's brilliant work of the same name—gave a chapter to Gannal, and in short, the Gannal process was firmly believed to be one of the *re plus utiles* of the Nineteenth. It was a point to stop on—to draw breath and review the past with very particular reference to the Egyptians, and to be proud of.

Only fifteen years and where is Gannal? There are more bodies preserved against decay than there were, but not by his process. Patent air-tight coffins have taken their place; instead of being embalmed, people prefer being preserved fresh and whole, and Monsieur Picot, in presenting his sincere thanks to those who have favored him with their confidence in his abilities as a coffin-maker, has the honor to inform them that he is still in the business, and that by the comfort and elegance of his coffins he trusts to merit, et cetera, et cetera. Yea, he not only keeps people from decay for an indefinite period, but keeps them so in comfort! Comment is indeed superfluous. Advertising can no further go.

You have heard much, of course, of the famous Léotard, the great circus gymnast and lion of perilous-feat lovers. It is said that at present two thousand women in Paris go to bed to dream of the *trapeze* and *échelle perilleuse*, but mostly of the stockinet-covered limbs of the handsome Léotard. What better proof could be found that Europe is sinking into Roman luxury than the fact that of late years amours with the handsome athletes have been so shamelessly pursued by ladies in the very first aristocratic circles, not merely in France, but in Germany, Prussia and even England. A fierce epurism of sensual passion, a ready appreciation of the revived love of bodily strength which is so general at present, are all very Roman. The sentimental love of romantic faces, intellectual youths and dark-eyed, genteel comedians has descended to the most vulgar of graces, and adoration of strength, height and muscle has taken its place. Hercules has conquered Adonis intellectually as well as physically. A well-knit, manly fellow cannot show himself conspicuously about Paris at present without being snapped up by some of the insatiable widows, who after being starved out at home by this land of liberty and left hand alliances in quest of adventures. Very lately the *Aspasias* of Paris, wishing to testify their admiration of Léotard, gave him a magnificent supper, after which he was requested to solemnly make choice, amid stately ceremonies, of one of their number as his queen.

Apocryph of Léotard, Auguste Villemot tells us a good story. There are people whom nothing astonishes, who have a fine reason for everything and Auguste sat near a couple of these—two great fat citizens—lately, during one of Léotard's performances. Whenever the latter made an extraordinary performance the elder observed, "You see, it is all very simple; it is done by a mathematical calculation, that's all. Look now! the trapeze swings towards him—he seizes it. Well, now, that looks like a great exertion of strength, but it's merely mathematics."

Apocryph of rope-dancing, Blondin, with his Niagara crossing, is creating as great an excitement here as in New York. To be sure we have his better half here in the person of Madame Blondin, his wife, who is performing acrobatically at the Hippodrome, and whom the small wits of the day call a *femme forte*. Pierre, of Figaro, for instance, declares that she is as capable of crossing Niagara as her husband, and her husband as Niagara. Couldn't we arrange a tight-rope across the ocean and exchange them? Suppose the next telegraph wire be kept up for a few days before submersion for the purpose of giving our Blondins a chance.

Meanwhile you are all very happy with your Prince of Wales. Happy, native Americans, among whom a prince is a curiosity!

Yours devoted,

PANTROU.

## FOREIGN GOSSIP AND NEWS.

COLONEL FORMER, whose connection with the John Brown adventure made him so distasteful to the American people, is now in Sicily, with Garibaldi, who has appointed him Governor of Messina. He is an able soldier, and one of the first strategists of the age. We trust he will wipe out his John Brown escapade with his new achievements in the cause of true freedom. It will no doubt be remembered by our readers that in 1848 he was with Garibaldi through all his glorious campaign there, where he greatly distinguished himself.

At Messina Garibaldi met with a grand reception. He went to the balcony, and the thousands of upturned faces were all directed towards him; amid a silence as still as the grave he spoke. The substance of his speech was to this effect. He said that he presented himself to them because they wished it, but that he himself objected to such exultation. He did not play the comedian; he was for deeds not words. They had achieved a great triumph, but the time was come when they must achieve a still greater. He thanked the Sicilians for the courage and enthusiasm they displayed in effecting their own deliverance.

come forward and enrol themselves in the ranks of their liberators. I need not dwell on the enthusiasm which this address excited; it was of the most vehement character I ever witnessed. After acknowledging its cordial reception for a few moments, Garibaldi withdrew.

The British are doing much more for European freedom than we are. The Queen of England, a splendid screw steam-ship, purchased by the agents of the Liverpool, sailed from that port on Friday night for Sicily. The Queen of England was well stored with muskets, ammunition, &c., and a large quantity of hospital material shipped by the Ladies' Garibaldi Society, London.

PRINCE DOLGOROSKI, a Russian noble of great wealth and intelligence, lately published a book called "The Truth on Russia." It was a fearful exposure of that gigantic, massive barbarism which it is so much the fashion with our miserable penny-a-liners to dash with their fulsome praise. This pamphlet has been issued both in Paris and London, and has irritated the Czar. He consequently commanded Count Kisselef to ask the Prince three questions: "Would he withdraw the book? Did he mean to reside in Paris? and did he consider himself a Russian subject?" To the first question he replied, no; to the other two, yes. He also informed the Czar, through his minister, of his intention of publishing, as soon as convenient, First, The History of Russia from 1847 to 1859; second, Memoirs on Russia from 1622 to 1854; Third, A Biographical and Genealogical Dictionary of the Russian Families; and lastly, his personal memoirs, which he began in 1834, and which escaped the vigilance of the police, who, in 1843, seized, as they supposed, all his papers.

The King of Prussia is so much worried that his decease is hourly expected.

There is Sunday music in all the parks in London now.

COUNT CAVOUR had administered a sharp rebuke to the Arch-bishop of Chambéry. In the course of their recent discussion the Count said that the government of Piedmont respects the church, "but when any member of the clergy, whether they be bishops, archbishops or cardinals, violate the laws, and affect an insulting contempt for the king and our institutions, we are resolved to apply the laws, even though such a course should make us pass for persecutors in the eyes of a party who preach tolerance, while it follows the maxims in virtue of which the child Mortara was snatched from its parents, and the Madia, husband and wife, were banished from their country."

There is an absurd rumor that Louis Napoleon has offered to make Baron Rothschild King of Jerusalem for a valuable consideration.

The steam vessels for the Syrian expedition can effect the passage from France in about a week. Beyrout and Sidra, where the troops are to land, are tolerably well provided, especially Beyrout, with every thing requisite to make them centres of military operations.

Among the *canards* of the London infidel press, we notice that "The ladies of a fashionable congregation in London are raising a fund by subscription to enable their minister to get a divorce from his wife." When the divorce has been obtained, the emancipated minister is to be raffled for and married to the highest bidder, that is, the thrower of the dice. The minister's wife is then to be raffled for by the bachelors of the congregation. There can be no doubt of this report, since it appears in *Punch*.

The Messalina of Spain is about to meet the Tiberius of France. It is expected that the conjunction will take place at Barcelona, on Napoleon's way from Algiers.

JUSTICE BLACKBURN, in England, lately fined a high sheriff \$500 for disrespectful behaviour. The impertinent official, after expressing considerable contrition, had the fine remitted. It would be well if some of our Judges would act with equal spirit.

The French *Siege* has some very judicious remarks upon a Turkish loan. "But what is the rumor of a Turkish loan? What is the meaning of such an odious plesantry under existing circumstances? What! Europe lend capital to Turkey! And for what purpose? To build palaces for some Sultan? To extend and feed that cancer of immorality and dissipation under which the Ottoman Empire is weighed down? To assist the Mussulman clergy in arming their fanaticism and overthrowing the Christians? A Turkish loan! Really, it is too much. No; the present moment is a serious one, and it is serious things that must be thought of. The next thing would be to make a loan for the Kingdom of Naples! If there is to be a loan for the Turkish Government, and one for the Papal Government, why should there not be one for the Bourbons? But a truce to such foolery!"

The Dublin *Warrior* charges all the unkind spirit which is manifested in this country towards England to "factious Irishmen," who are denounced as "equally destitute of patriotism, of self-respect and love of truth." However this may be, the *Warrior* is certainly correct in saying that "the respectable, educated and scrupulous portion of American society does not desire a quarrel with England;" and also, in its opinion, that while "they are not the most noisy portion of the community, their influence generally predominates in serious crises."

CORNET RECUMANO, in acceding to Spain's demand to enter the European Council as a Great Power, said that the assent of Austria to this measure must not be construed into a precedent for the admission of sardinia.

The news from China is to the 13th June. The bad weather had somewhat delayed the French and English expedition. Chinese war in full occupation of the Western Allies, and a long and vigorous war may be expected. The Chinese rebels had taken Foo Chow, and a great panic reigned at Shanghai. The Imperial Flotilla Government had fortified Peiho, and sunk many junk boats to obstruct the passage.

LORD DUFFERIN has been appointed British Commissioner to Syria. He sailed from London on the 1st August, and will proceed, via Marseilles, with all despatch.

The Governors of Damascus, Beyrout, and other Turkish officials suspected of conniving at the Christian massacres, are in custody, and will be tried by a Commission of Turkish, English and French. If found guilty, they will be executed without mercy. It is a great pleasure to know that the Turkish Empire is dying—if not dead. It has cumbered the earth too long. Let us honor Louis Napoleon for expediting the good day.

PHILADELPHIA does not deserve the excellent character we gave it some weeks ago. Last Saturday, the 18th, as Mr. Stephens, messenger of the Girard Bank, was walking along Madison street, he was suddenly struck on the head by some rowdies with a slung shot, and so fatally injured, that after lingering three days he died. He was a most worthy man, and brother to James H. Stephens, cashier of the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, Camden. The ruffian has not been arrested.

The Great Eastern sailed from the Hudson on Thursday, the 16th August, with about one hundred passengers. She will call at Halifax. There never was so noble a ship with such an ignoble management. The blame rests upon the three directors, of which Captain Carnegie deserves the lion's share. As for the vessel herself, she deserved far more praise than was given to her. The fact is, our envy for ocean made us unjust and even malignant. Peace to her ashes, and oblivion to Cox and Carnegie!

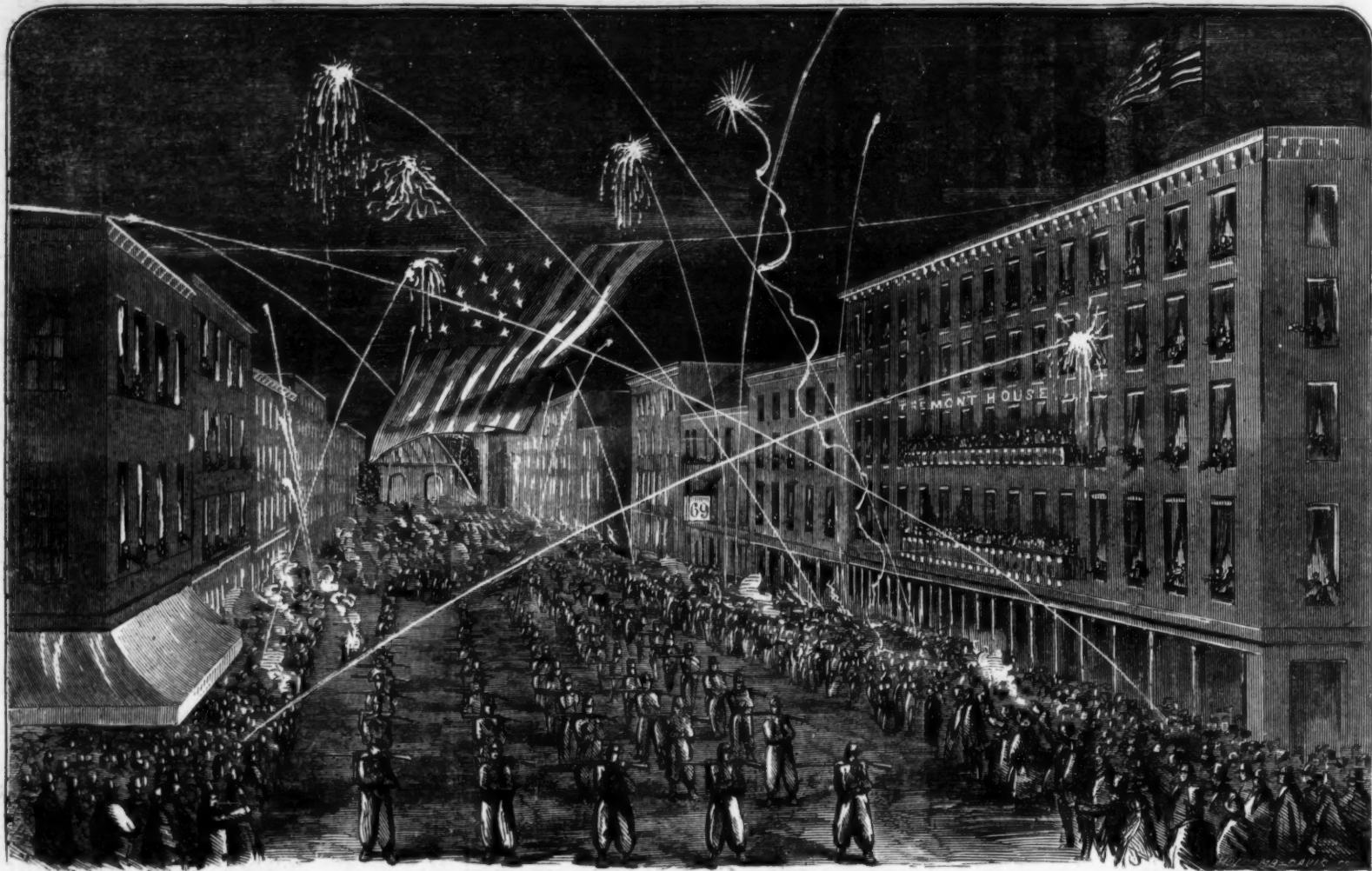
The tenth Bend *Register* records a horrible murder, committed by a miscreant named Wilson upon his father-in-law, Pearson. It seems that owing to the brutality of Wilson his wife had left him, and returned to her father. This led to an angry feeling between them, and on the 8th, as Pearson and his daughter, the wife of Wilson, were alighting from a wagon, Wilson suddenly attacked the old man, and with the butt end of a rifle beat him so badly that he died. The murderer has escaped to the woods, but the citizens were in hot pursuit.

CHARLES MACKAY, in his new Review, relates that at the dinner on the 4th of July, given in London, Mr. Dallas had his speech cut short in a most amusing fashion. He was about the middle of his flowery oration, when he happened to say something complimentary of Garibaldi; the word was hardly out of his mouth when the whole assembly rose, cheered, flung their glasses, flared, and finally drowned the unfortunate orator in the midst of his speech. After one or two puzzled glances around, our excellent Minister sat down, and went on with his drinking and listening. This reminds us of a case of Charles Dickens, who at a concert happened to hear that a famous lady pianist was going to play a sonata of about an hour's duration. When it was about one-third through, the malicious but terrified wretch took advantage of a brilliant passage and a pause to cry out "Encore! encore!" A friend who was in the secret joined the wail. The unhappy audience, who had just heard quite enough, were alarmed, and opposed the pretended encore vehemently. The laborer, here, after endeavoring to make the people understand that she had not got through her task, closed the book and vanished.

The Topeka (Kansas) *Record* gives an animated description of a fierce battle, on a large scale, between the Delaware and Potowomac, upon the Solomon, about one hundred miles above Fort Riley, in which three hundred Indians were killed. It is said that the fight lasted two hours. "Mr. D. informs us that great excitement prevails throughout the frontier settlements, on account of Indian depredations—that many whites had been killed; also, that he met many families on their way to the larger settlements, carrying with them their entire household goods, having abandoned their homes, their crops, and everything they could not carry away. Companies were being made up at Omaha, Junction City, &c., for pursuing and chasing these wild Indians, who have before now proved their settlements as close as now. It is hoped that the commanders of the forts will take this in hand immediately. The settlement of the country on the Republican and Solomon rivers had been rapidly progressing this season, and these disturbances, unless speedily checked, will prove very serious in their effects upon that country."

IMPORTATION OF STINGLESS BEES FROM CENTRAL AMERICA.—Mr. A. O. Moore of this city, who went to Central America last year, has just returned from Guatemala, and has brought with him two swarms of the stingless bees common to that country, which he has given in charge of Mr. Parsons of Flushing, who will propagate them for the Agricultural Department of the Patent Office, which will in due time distribute them, if it is found that they can be kept in any part of the United States. These bees are of two varieties, one large and one small, and both quite different in all their habits from the honey bees common with us. For one thing, there appears to be but two classes—workers and queens. The largest class are about the size of our common bees, the queen being much larger, and white having a black collar. The smaller class are about the size of our common bees, the queen being much larger, and white having a black collar.





BRILLIANT RECEPTION OF THE ZOUAVE CADETS IN CHICAGO, ON THEIR RETURN FROM THEIR MILITARY TOUR, AUGUST 14, 1860.—FROM A SKETCH BY DANIEL WINTER, OF HOBOKEN, N.J.—SEE PAGE 224

## THE PRINCE OF WALES'S TOUR IN CANADA.

(Continued from page 224.)

### Preparations at Quebec.

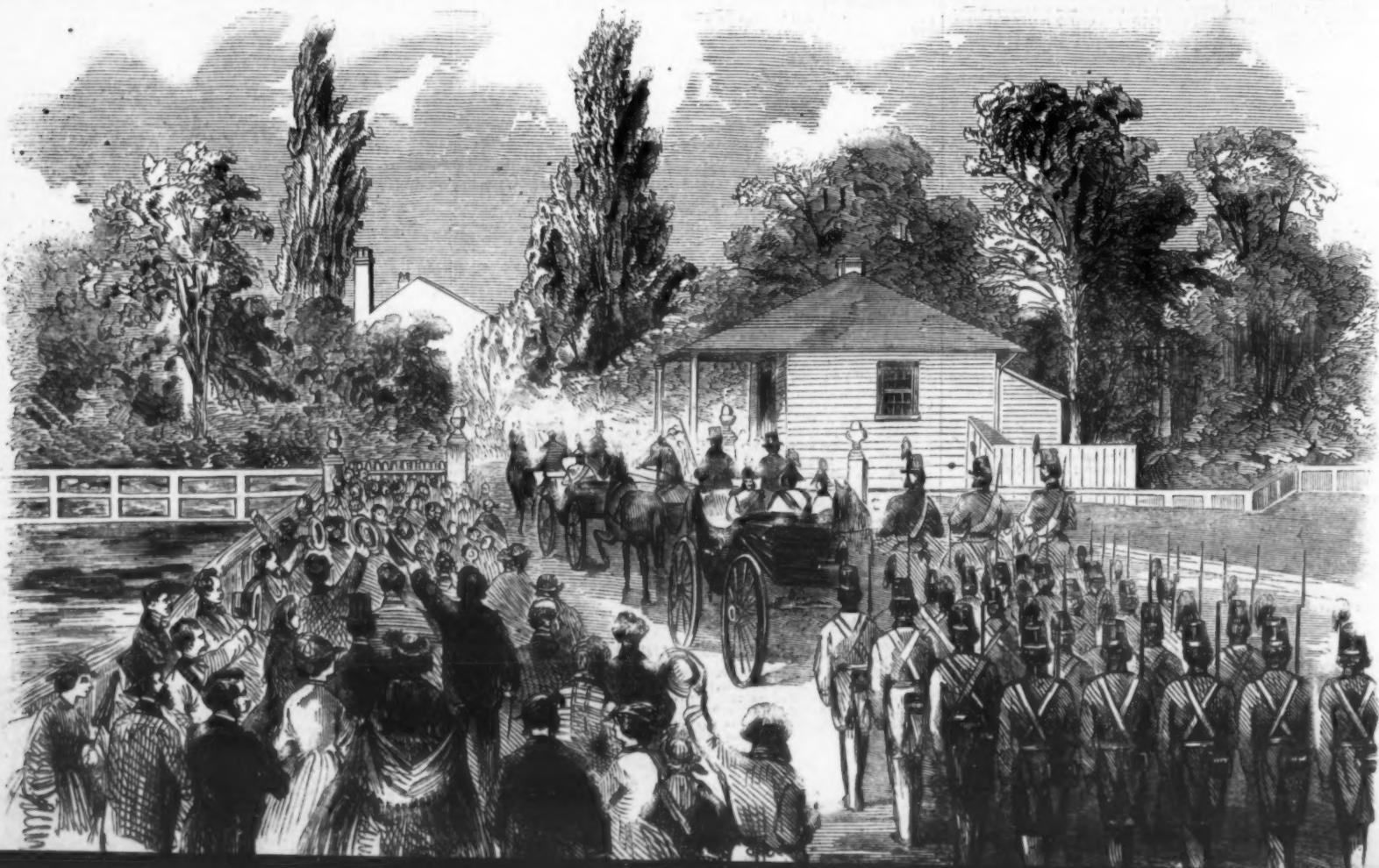
This stronghold of British power in North America is now full to overflowing, from every part of Canada and the American Union, every State of which is well represented on this memorable occasion, the visit of the Prince of Wales. The Russell and Clarendon Hotels are crowded to overflowing, and the traveller considers himself truly fortunate if he can only secure a cot in one of the most out of the way closets. The Parliament House has been entirely refitted with new carpets and furniture, and turned into a capacious and splendid hotel for the Prince and his suite. The Council Chamber, with its gorgeous throne, is devoted to the reception of his Royal Highness, and the rooms in the rear of it, belonging to the Governor-General,

are now furnished as private apartments for the Prince, consisting of a parlor, bed and bath-rooms for his own special accommodation. These rooms command most magnificent views of the St. Lawrence, looking down it, and it must be confessed that the panorama it presents is truly enchanting. Being several hundred feet above the level, it presents an immense range of scenery, of its kind unsurpassed on this Continent. To the right, on the opposite side of the river, is Point Levi, the depot of the Grand Trunk Railroad; a little lower is East Quebec. In the centre of the river, a few miles down, the large Island of New Orleans, which is nearly twenty miles long, and very picturesque. On the left of the river are the falls of Montmorency, an immense valley, dotted over as far as the eye can reach with villages and fine farms. This most beautiful picture is framed, as it were, on either side with lofty mountains, which give a wonderful finish to the whole. I venture to say that the heir apparent of the British Crown seldom looked on such a marvellous display of Nature before.

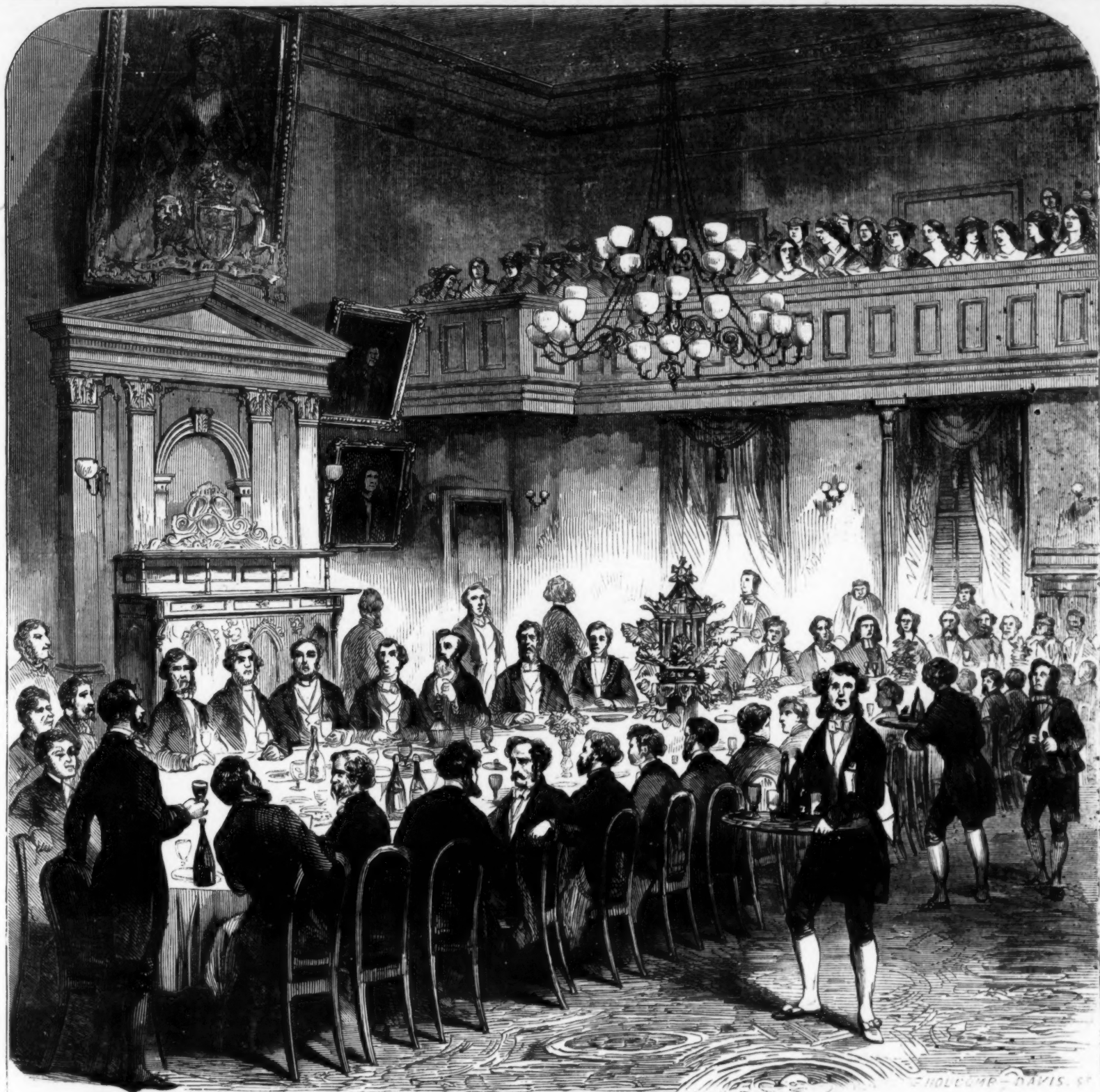
Far below the windows of his rooms lies the lower town of

Quebec, with its quaint old buildings, and tall French roofs covered with that bright tin which seems to be the natural outside of a Quebec roof, and which in the sun is very fatiguing to the eye, although at a distance it gives the town a singular and somewhat imposing appearance. Then there is the Custom-House, a remarkably fine building, and the new Market, which was built from the ruins of the old Parliament Houses. These were destroyed by fire in 1854. I must not forget to add that the North American fleet has anchored just here, and gives a great interest to the coup d'œil.

Amid this rough enumeration of the beauties of Nature I must also not forget to say that the famous *Maitre de Cuisine*, Sanderson, the Ude and Soyer of America, is domiciled in this building, and that he is now busy preparing some of those *recherché* triumphs which will astonish and delight the son of Victoria. The selection of this gentle man is one of the very wisest that could be made, and cannot fail to give the royal party a delightful recollection of American cookery. Let us hope that the patriotism of Sanderson will resist the seductive offers







THE PRINCE'S STATE DINNER PARTY AT THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE, QUEBEC, ON MONDAY EVENING, AUGUST 20, 1860.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ELLISON & CO., QUEBEC.

that very possibly will be made to carry him away captive to instruct the Old World.

#### The Prince's Rooms.

The furniture in the Prince's rooms is very gorgeous, the royal arms, with those of Canada, being carved in the solid wood. This was made expressly for the occasion, by Mr. W. Drum, of Quebec, who is much celebrated for the quality and style of his manufactures.

The carpet in the Prince's reception room was procured from London in twenty-two days from the time the order was despatched from Quebec. This magnificent specimen of the loom, and also the rest of the carpets, were supplied by Messrs. H. & M. Benjamin, of this city. On the opposite side of the hall to the Prince's reception chamber, is the Assembly Room. This is now fitted up as a handsome dining-room, and is adorned by a picture of Queen Victoria, by Winterhalter. There are also some portraits of the Speakers. The table is forty feet long and thirteen feet wide, quite spacious enough to afford the caterers every opportunity to supply their taste in having a royal banquet.

My time will not admit a more elaborate description, and I must, therefore, content myself by saying, that the whole arrangements reflect the greatest credit on those who have had the management.

#### Adornments of the City.

The triumphal arches that have erected are very substan-

tial and tasty, being covered with evergreens and adorned with mottoes. These are also hung with colored lamps, which give them a beautiful appearance. Several of these arches are at the junction of cross streets, and are made in the form of towers, presenting a large gateway on each of the four sides. The Me-

chanics' Arch deserves particular notice. It is in the form of a gothic archway, presenting a front on each of four streets; it is very lofty. Above the arch is a chamber or bower in the evergreens, on the platform of which a steam engine and printing press have been put up. What adds to the interest of this is the

fact that these are for the purpose of printing the programmes of the reception, which are to be distributed gratuitously to the populace as they pass this arch. This beautiful and most appropriate feature in the ceremony was designed by James Goudie, shipbuilder of Quebec.

I have had the pleasure of inspecting the Prince of Wales's stud of horses. It was a most interesting sight, equally attractive to the jockey and the novice. The selection of these was entrusted to Dr. Kirwin of this city, the celebrated horse-fancier, and he has well employed the two months he has devoted to his pursuit, for he has selected thirty of the finest horses ever gathered together in one stable on this continent. Amongst them is a famous chestnut horse, six years old, by Glencoe, half-brother to Nicholas I. and Charleston, which were taken to England; also a celebrated chestnut mare, named Whitten, by Charatack, dam Sleepy Maggie, by Glencoe; also the splendid bay horse, well-known on the turf as Agitator; also a beautiful bay mare, La Belle, and the matchless bay horse Pilot; but the horse which attracted the most attention was a bay mare named Lady Franklin, intended for the special use of the Prince,



RECEPTION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES IN QUEBEC—THE PROCESSION OF THE PIPERS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN ARTIST.



and a large brown thoroughbred horse Chieftain, which has been selected for the use of the Duke of Newcastle.

I have not space to enumerate the others, but they are equally remarkable for their beauty and blood. Dr. Kirwin has shown great judgment and liberality in his selection. He has had complete new harness, carriages and saddles made expressly for the present occasion, for with the usual loyalty of a Briton he has resolved that the Prince shall be regally served. I must conclude this insufficient notice of a fine specimen of a gentleman by saying that he is considered one of the best steeplechase riders in Canada.

#### Reception of the Prince of Wales at Quebec.

The morning of the 18th, the day of the expected arrival of the Prince, was dreary and disheartening in the extreme. A shade of disappointment was apparent in every face, and it was generally believed that thousands would be prevented witnessing his disembarkation. But at noon the beneficent sun broke through the dim clouds which had hitherto enveloped everything, and shed its cheering beams on all. The change was miraculous. In place of a gloomy stillness the noise and hum of bustle and activity arose almost in an instant. Smiles were upon every face, and soon the rolling of wheels and rushing of feet announced that the suburbs and the country were pouring out their thousands to swell the crowd awaiting to receive the Prince of Wales.

The fleet was telegraphed at Quebec at half-past two, and came in sight of the Citadel at three o'clock. The walls of the Citadel, the tops of houses, the streets and all accessible spots were crowded with people, eager and anxious to catch the first sight of the Prince.

The vessel bearing the Prince came slowly up the river, and was accompanied by a large flotilla of every description of small craft. It was a brilliant sight, and drew from the assembled thousands cheer after cheer, while the bells from all the churches pealed gaily out, and the guns from the fortresses and the ships thundered forth a booming welcome. The barge of the Hero conveyed the Prince to the wharf, where he was met by the authorities, headed by Mayor Langevin, who read an address in English and French, to which the Prince replied in both languages, speaking the French with exquisite precision. The Prince then entered a carriage drawn by four horses, with his suite and the Governor-General, assuming for the first time a royal state, and proceeded through the city. Through the ever-increasing jam of people he passed up several streets amidst the enthusiastic cheering of the crowd, which the Prince courteously and cordially acknowledged, finally emerging through St. John's gate to Spencer Wood, the residence of the Governor-General.

The following was the order of the procession:

Cavalry.  
Band.  
City Marshal, with wand of office.  
The Mayor, supported by Recorder and City Treasurer.  
The royal carriages.  
The Judges.  
Executive Council.  
Legislative Council, and House of Assembly.  
Committee of Management.  
Officers of the Government.  
Clergy and Members of the Bar.  
Gentlemen representing the Press.  
Naval and Military officers.

Followed by the detachment of Her Majesty's Sixty-second regiment, Captain Lea's company, the several other companies of volunteers and the societies of all denominations.

During the afternoon all the stores were closed, and in the night the city was brilliantly illuminated. Bonfires blazed in the streets, and everywhere torches burned in the windows, transparencies and emblems adorned countless houses, the river front of the Citadel was brilliantly lighted up, making the whole city one glare of dazzling light. It was indeed a brilliant sight, and was much enjoyed by the Prince, who rode incognito through the streets.

#### The Levee at the Government House.

The Prince left the Government residence at half-past ten on the morning of the 21st, for the Parliament House, where he was to hold a levee. On assuming his station in the Council Chamber, he first received addresses and deputations. The Prince, dressed as a British Colonel, stood on the centre dais, and staff, suite and Governor's staff grouped themselves around. In a semi-circle, filling the rest of the room, stood officers of the army and navy, members of Parliament and priests.

The addresses were read and replied to in English and French. Gentlemen presenting addresses received replies kneeling; then retired backwards, making three bows, their long robes tripping them up as they went.

After the reception of addresses, members of Parliament were presented.

The Prince stepped down from the dais, each person came forward, handed his card, and his name was called. The Earl St. Germain then threw the cards on the dais, and the Prince bowed.

Earl St. Germain then arranged particulars for a general presentation. Bishop Mountain entered in full robes. The Bishop is very aged, and presented a singular contrast to the youthful heir apparent. Having received a reply, the clergy retired.

Then the magistrates' address was presented. After this, the officers of the army, navy and militia, the members of the City Council and the Mayor.

Several Americans and an immense crowd of Provincials were presented, the ceremony being the same as before described, Earl St. Germain announcing names.

The Speaker of the Legislature and Council having delivered an address to the Prince, to which the Prince replied, he was desired to kneel down, when the Prince, taking an unsheathed sword from the hands of the Duke of Newcastle, touched the Speaker lightly, and said, "Rise up, Sir Narcisse Belleau."

The same honor was conferred upon the Speaker of the Lower House, who left the presence Sir William Henry Smith.

At two o'clock the levee concluded.

While I am acknowledging my obligations, let me observe that I am deeply indebted to Messrs. Ellison & Co., the popular photographers of this city, for many beautiful pictures, which I send herewith to be engraved for my paper. The picture of the royal stud is a masterpiece of daguerrean art. The photograph of the ball-room is considered as a triumph—but this the public will soon have an opportunity of deciding for themselves, when it appears in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. These views were taken expressly for me, and deserve my most cordial acknowledgments. I have also to thank these gentlemen for many personal attentions, which I trust soon to have the opportunity of reciprocating in our own city of Gotham.

The entire arrangements of this great transatlantic festival are under the sole direction of the Honorable John Rose, who has shown a wonderful talent in every detail connected with this mammoth ceremonial. Mr. Rubridge has charge of the Government decoration in Quebec. Mr. Begley has superintended the upholstery of the Parliament Buildings, and has proved himself a Bourgeois for dramatic effect. Colonel Wiley has the management of the police arrangements. All these departments are admirably conducted.

#### OUR SUPERCARGO'S BRIDE.

Our vessel was lying at anchor off Galata, in the harbor of Constantinople, awaiting orders to proceed to the isles of the Egean Sea for a homeward voyage, when one day, just as the bell struck eight at noon, a boat came off shore, and Samuel Harding, our supercargo, sprang from her as she touched the side, mounting the gangway ladder two steps at a time, and bounding from the rail, demanded as soon as his feet touched deck, "Where's the mate?"

"Here, at your service, Harding," rejoined I, as I confronted him, being within six feet of the spot on which he landed. "What's up?" I asked. "You look as if a whole troop of Janissaries were at your feet."

"Do I though?" he demanded, grasping my arm. "But never mind my appearance now," he added. "Come into the cabin—I've something to tell you, besides, I've a great favor to ask."

"Oh, ho! That accounts for your presence at once," said I, laughing, as I followed him into the cabin, adding as I seated myself, "Where on earth have you been, and what have you found among the Turks so intensely interesting, as to deprive us not only of your society, but even of a friendly visit from you for a whole month? Come, give an account of yourself. I confess I'm somewhat curious to learn the manner in which you have passed your time ashore. I couldn't exist a tenth part of the period, where sacks and bowstrings are in such demand."

"Have done, Frank, for heaven's sake!" he exclaimed, at length. "I've but little time to spare, and must therefore make the most of it. I'm in love."

"Whew!" interrupted I. "The deuce you are!"

"There, there!" said he, "Do stop, will you?"

"Certainly," I replied. "Only tell me how you happened to catch the disease, and what kind of a subject you caught the infection from. None of those harem beauties, I hope; because if that's the case, you'd better make your will, for you're booked for a sack and a plunge in the Bosphorus as sure as you are born."

"Oh, incorrigible!" he exclaimed. "Do listen." And he re-seated himself, having previously risen impatiently and taken a turn fore and aft the cabin.

"Mum's the word. Heave ahead," rejoined I, tipping my chair back, and assuming an attitude of attention.

"You know our old consignee, Achemet El Hamet?" he resumed. I nodded my assent. "And also that I took up my quarters with him at his request," said he. Again I bowed.

"Well, I'm over head and ears in love with his daughter Meta," he continued, "and having won hers in return, I am resolved to make her mine in spite of all opposition. Old Achemet has smelt the rat, and I have reason to believe causes every movement of mine to be watched, although to all appearance as frank and open-hearted as ever. You know what the Turks are when once offended, they'd smile in your face while encircling your neck with the bowstring. I think it quite likely the old wretch intends me harm if I remain much longer in his power, to which belief you can attribute this demand upon your friendship."

"To do what?" I asked.

"Escape his vengeance?" he replied.

"I should think that was easy enough."

"Yes," said he, "but have I not told you I must have Meta? I couldn't live without her, and I am certain she would not survive my desertion. No, no! I'd risk a hundred lives to win her! Will you aid me?"

"What! to carry her off?" I exclaimed. "Hold on, my dear fellow. Do you know what you propose? Why, 'twould subject us both to the bastinado, if not to the bowstring!"

"If caught in the act, you should say," he returned. "I know it. I have counted all the cost and am well assured that I can succeed with your aid. If you refuse it, however, I can't blame you; but rest assured I shall not be deterred from my purpose thereby. No, I will make the attempt alone, even if I perish therein."

"That's right, Harding," said I. "I'll be your pluck. But give me a history of this love-passion, and mind, I do not refuse your assistance, should it prove to be deserving such risk. Those Turkish ladies are a class of beings I don't understand, and if all is true that I have read concerning them, I should be very loth to undergo the slightest risk on behalf of any of them."

"You know as much of them as do I, Meta excepted," said he, "whose purity of mind and thought I'd answer for with my life. Did you know her as I do, Frank, woman-hater as you are, you could not fail to be interested in her."

"How in heaven's name did you form her acquaintance?" demanded I. "Do the Turks in reality permit the ladies of their harems more liberty than we have been led to believe?"

"Not a whit, Frank, so far as I can judge," he replied. "Achemet has no less than three wives and three or four daughters, yet of none have I had so much as a glimpse, save Meta. I had been on shore a week, when feeling indisposed one day, I declined accompanying El Hamet to the city, preferring to lounge on a divan within the walls of his luxurious villa to exposure to the sun and the fatigue of riding to and from the city—a distance of some five miles. After dinner, feeling much better, I sought the garden, taking with me a book, and entering an arbor in one of the angles of the garden furthest from the house, was soon devouring its pages with avidity."

"How long I had been rapt therein I cannot tell, when a slight scream and the rustling of garments at the entrance of the arbor aroused me. Looking up I was amazed at the vision of loveliness which met my gaze in the person of Meta, who stood, as it were spell-bound, gazing at the strange intruder, as she deemed me, while the sound of hurried footsteps betrayed the flight of her companion, whose scream and quick retreat had aroused me."

"For more than a minute we remained immovable—her gaze betraying amazement, curiosity and fear, while mine spoke volumes of admiration for the angelic creature who had thus suddenly burst upon my vision in a land where women are so seldom seen."

"Recovering first, I rose and began to stammer an apology for my presence, while at the first sound of my voice all trace of fear was banished from her countenance, and a sweet smile—persuaded it, as she interrupted me, saying, in pure English, 'You are an Englishman.'"

"I am," replied I, surprised at the purity of her diction, adding, 'Have I the pleasure of addressing a countrywoman?'

"No, sir," she replied; "alas! only the daughter of one!" And her mild gaze eyes were instantly suffused with tears.

"Pardon me, madam," exclaimed I, earnestly approaching her. "I have unwittingly caused you pain."

"No, sir," she said, "I seldom think of my dear mother, still less mention her without a betrayal of this weakness. Would she were alive now to behold the face of one of her people—a boon denied her life-long, and for which she pined amid the gorgeous splendor of her prison."

"She was a prisoner, then?" said I, betraying the surprise engendered by my fair companion's words.

"Ah, yes," she replied. "To her 'twas indeed captivity. She was a slave, sir, although my father's favorite wife."

"She paused, apparently unwilling to proceed, and glanced anxiously towards the villa, which I perceiving, said, 'You need not apprehend interruption, madam. The house is deserted by all, save the Greek servants and myself. I presume you reside here. How is it that I have not met you before?'

"You are a stranger, sir, and unacquainted with Turkish customs," she replied; "or you would not ask that question. In that house are eight ladies and their female attendants, who have never seen the face of man, save their master's and Baba's their keeper. But I must leave you. My presence here may be discovered, when you would be the sufferer."

"Nay, nay, go not yet, I beg of you," I exclaimed, taking her hand, which I retained in my grasp, adding, 'At least not until you have told me of your mother, whose hard lot, apart from the fact of her nationality, has awakened in me the deepest interest.'

"While I spoke she remained with her gaze fixed steadily on my countenance, and when I ceased permitted me to lead her to a seat, when she resumed."

"You desire my mother's history," said she. "You should have heard it from her own lips, when your interest would have been much deeper. But I will gratify your curiosity to the extent of my knowledge, regretting only your advent here at such a late period. Had it happened two years sooner, you might have succeeded in severing her bonds and bearing her to her native land, for which she pined."

"She was a native of Cornwall, and the only daughter of a shipmaster, whom, with her mother, she accompanied on a voyage to Greece when in her thirteenth year. It was long ago, when those seas were infested with pirates, to a gang of which they fell a prey, and my grandmother alone being spared. They were brought

to Constantinople, and exposed in the slave mart for sale, when my father, then a young man, purchased her, and out of pity for the anguish she manifested upon being separated from her mother, purchased the latter as her companion. But grief for her husband's death soon put a period to the existence of the latter, leaving my poor mother entirely alone—a stranger and a slave in the hands of barbarians."

"I started, but she met the indication of my surprise with a sweet smile."

"Yes, I said barbarians," she continued, "for such I know you and I have been taught by my mother to consider them. Among Turks she remained a Christian; and such am I."

"I bowed, my countenance expressing my pleasure, when she proceeded:

"Two years after my mother's capture and subsequent purchase by my father, he prevailed on her to become his wife, promising that no other should intrude upon her to rival her in his affections. This promise he observed faithfully eight years, when he broke it by the purchase and introduction to the harem—hitherto occupied by my mother alone—of a beautiful Georgian, who soon assumed full sway of my father, with whom my mother would hold no communication from that hour."

"I was then one year old, and the youngest of four children, two of whom died in infancy—the eldest, my brother Achemet, being still alive, and at present an officer in the navy of the Sultan. To our care and education my mother assiduously devoted herself, living for us and us alone, as she has oft assured me, while my father soon became disgusted with the capriciousness of the reigning beauty, which resulted in overtures to my mother for a reconciliation. This she steadily refused, until my father, enraged at her perversity, degraded her to the station of a menial, depriving her of my brother's society, whom he sent to a distance to be educated in the faith of Mahomet, and when old enough placed him in the service of the Sultan. Me he abandoned to my mother's care, for which I thank him, since to that abandonment do I owe all the little knowledge I possess, and a vast fund of amusement, of which my companions from want of knowledge of the language were deprived. I allude to a perusal of my mother's favorite books, of which my father obtained her an ample supply from her native land, during the first few years of their union."

"After my mother's degradation the harem was filled with inmates from every clime, until at length the presence of some ruling spirit being required to maintain order, my father reinstated my much injured parent in her former position as mistress of the unruly slaves, though she still refused to acknowledge him as her husband or lord."

"For four years my mother survived her reinstatement, dying two years ago, leaving to me her mantle of office, in which my father confirmed me. Thus far my will has been law, and I trust may remain so."

"She paused, while I could not forbear demanding 'Why?' when, with an unusual degree of hesitancy, she replied, 'Because I have no desire to exchange El Hamet's harem for any other.'

"Have you no desire to behold your mother's native land?" demanded I, when raising her eyes to mine their brightness at once became dimmed."

"My mother's native land?" she rejoined. "Oh yes, a burning desire; and to find her kindred. But, alas! I dare not cherish a hope."

"Had you occupied my place, Frank, you would have done as I did, implanted that hope, which I prevailed on her to cherish, until it has become part of her being, receiving as my reward her pure and devoted love."

"She regained the harem undiscovered, with the garden of which that in which I met her communicated, so that we were enabled to have several interviews at subsequent periods. The day before yesterday, however, she found means to convey me a note, warning me to be wary, and yesterday another warning me to fly, and enjoining me to do so if I loved her. That injunction I have disobeyed, and by seeming unsuspicious, have, I trust, averted present danger. All now depends on you. Meta is ready for flight. To gain and convey her to my own and her mother's native land I would sacrifice my life. Will you aid me?"

"Yes, to the last drop of my blood, Harding!" I exclaimed, bounding from my seat and grasping his hand. "Tell me how and when, and you may command me and any number of the trustiest of our crew you deem necessary."

With a hearty grasp of the hand and a few hurried words he expressed his gratitude; then briefly sketched his plan for the abduction of the lady, which was that I should have a boat with a trusty crew, lying in shore near the villa at midnight. He agreed to meet me there, when, as he assured me all being in readiness on the part of his fair innamorata, naught remained but to aid in her escape from the harem garden to the boat."

Having agreed upon the mode of procedure, we separated—Harding re-embarking for the shore and I re-assuming the charge of the deck. About four in the afternoon, Captain M'Leland came off, when I hastened to admit him to our confidence, requesting permission to use one of the ship's boats and obtain volunteers for the adventure from amongst her crew."

He flatly refused, at first, grounding his objection upon the risk incurred, and even made a feeble attempt to interpose his authority to prevent the fulfillment of my promise as regarded myself. We had quite a lengthy debate on the matter, in the course of which I made several allusions to the maiden's history, mentioning at last the fact of her belief in the doctrines of Christianity, which awakened the captain's curiosity to know more."

"A Christian, you say?" he exclaimed. "By what means was she converted from Mohammedanism?"

In reply, I gave him a brief detail of her own and parent's history, as Harding had given it to me, when he exclaimed, "Enough! You may go, and take the whole crew, if you need them. Oh Heaven! if she should prove—Did Harding mention her mother's name?"

"No," I replied.

"What!" said he, "neither Christian nor surname?"

"Neither, sir. Why?" demanded I, in return.

"Oh, nothing!" said he. "I had an idea—a foolish idea—that's all!"

Captain M'Leland forced both hands deep into his pockets, instantly pulling them out again and running his fingers through his hair, looking very perplexed indeed in his efforts to appear calm."

"I'll go with you myself," said he, at length. "What time do you start?"

"At ten o'clock to-night, sir," I replied.

"Not till then?" said he.

"No, sir," I replied; "it's but a few miles, and did we arrive at the rendezvous sooner than the hour appointed, we might be discovered, and our presence excite suspicion."

"True, true! I did not think of that," said the captain, entering his state-room, leaving me greatly perplexed at his evident perturbation."

Unable to solve the mystery, I gave it up, turning my attention to preparations for our adventure."

Supper over, I selected a crew for the boat, and taking them apart, informed them of the task on hand—instructing them in all that related to their share—requesting them to keep the affair a secret from their messmates, who, by awaiting our return, might betray us, in case of pursuit."

All being ready, at ten o'clock we lowered the starboard quarter boat, and took our places—six men, the captain and myself—carrying with us two spare oars to facilitate our escape, should we be pursued. During the passage to the villa, which we made with but two oars, Captain M'Leland maintained the most profound silence; nor even when we landed did he permit a word to escape him, save a monosyllabic reply to my demand if he desired to take part in effecting an entrance to the garden."

Leaving the boat in charge of the men, with orders to remain seated and prepared to push off at a moment's warning, we at once proceeded in the direction of El Hamet's residence, on the grounds attached to which we had landed, but had accomplished but a short distance, when a low "Hiss!" fell upon my ear."

"Frank!" said I, in reply.

The next instant the supercargo was wringing my hand in a fervent grasp, at the same time demanding, "Who's this with you, Frank?"

"This is M'Leland!" said the captain, replying to the question. "I heard you were in a scrape here, and so came with the others to lend a hand at getting you out."

"For which I thank you, Captain M'Leland!" said he. "But we have no time to spare. El Hamet is asleep in the harem—yet with one eye open, I'll be bound. So we must proceed cautiously."

"And Meta?" demanded I.

"Will meet us in the garden as soon as she can do so with safety," he replied. "Baba has accepted a heavy bribe, so that she will ex-

A GENTLEMAN, named Zucker, sprang from the window of his room, 75 Chatham street, on Saturday, the 18th, during a moment of delirium, and died from his injuries before he could be taken to the hospital.



perience but little difficulty in making good her exit from the harem, if she can but lull to sleep her father's vigilance. Captain M'Leland, will you accept the post of sentry outside the wall, in order to apprise us of any danger from outside, and also to receive Meta, whom we must lower from the top, if we ever reach that point with her?"

"With pleasure," was the captain's brief reply.  
"Remain where you are, then," said Harding. "Come, Frank, we must scale the wall. Be cautious!"

Taking my hand, he led me a few yards along the higher barrier, when he halted, and seizing a rope pendant from its summit, began to mount.

He soon reached the top, and I followed him; when hauling the rope up, he dropped the end on the inside, and commenced his descent in silence. In less than a minute he had landed, and I was following him, when footsteps and the rustling of silk fell upon my ear, causing me to pause and shiver with dread of discovery as the moon, till then obscured by clouds, unveiled her face momentarily, shining full on my person.

"Quick! down for your life!" hissed my companion, and in an instant I was crouching at his side, while the person, a lady, whose presence had aroused our fears, came into view and was hurrying past within a few yards, when Harding ejaculated "Meta!" and she turned towards us, rushing into her arms.

"Oh, haste, for mercy's sake!" she exclaimed. "The guard of the harem are aroused, and I fear are on my track. I heard the order to search the garden by the chief, as I hurried through the inner parterre."

Ere the last words had left her lips, I had reached the top of the wall, on which she was safely landed ere a minute had elapsed, when quickly lowering her on the outside, I had the satisfaction of seeing her safely released from the rope, and in the arms of the captain, who hurried off towards the boat, leaving us to make good our escape.

My companion was soon at my side, but, burning with impatience to join his betrothed, refused to await a descent by the usual manner, and leaping from the wall, was out of hearing ere I touched the ground. Reaching the boat, I found them in the act of embarking, when having seen them safely on board, I followed, giving the order to push off.

I had taken the precaution to muffle the oars, so that little, if any, noise attended our flight, while not a word escaped the lips of any until we had placed at least a mile between us and the scene of our escape. Even then we only uttered a few brief congratulations, the men continuing their exertions until we ran under the ship's side, when the oars were unshipped and boat laid alongside. Captain M'Leland bounding up the gangway ladder and receiving the maiden from her lover, who quickly followed, simultaneously with myself, and with the captain and his young charge entered the cabin.

Ordering the boat to be hooked on and hoisted up as quietly as possible, I left the second mate, who had been awaiting our return, to attend to the execution of my orders, and entered the cabin at the instant that Captain M'Leland was addressing the maiden.

"Pardon a stranger's impertinence, madam," said he; "but having heard a portion, or rather a brief detail of the strange and eventful history of your mother, I cannot control a desire to learn her name. The only excuse I can offer is, that I am a native of the place named as her birthplace."

"And sufficient, sir," was the answer from the ruby lips of the most angelic creature I ever beheld, and who proceeded. "Her name, prior to her captivity, was Harriet."

"What! had she no other?" demanded the captain, again struggling to appear calm, and, unconscious of the act, laying his hand on Meta's arm.

"Oh, yes," she instantly replied, "and one that you have probably heard, as she had relatives who bore it—twas M'Leland."

"M'Leland!" ejaculated her lover and myself simultaneously, while the captain shouted,

"I knew it! Come to my arms, child—I was her brother."  
With a wild cry of joy the poor girl threw herself into the embrace of the worthy captain, whose long pent-up emotions found vent in tears of joy as unexpected as profound.

Why should I proceed further? Of course my friend was made happy with the hand of the charming creature whose heart he had won, while our worthy captain, no less happy in the recent discovery of his sister's child than proud of her matchless beauty, blessed the wedded pair, his niece no more than her husband, to whom he owed the pleasure of their meeting.

As a natural consequence, Achmet El Hamet was very wrath when he discovered the loss of his daughter. But he was too late to regain her. She was a wedded wife, and under the protection of the British flag, while her worthy uncle, by a well-timed threat of exposure, ruinous to the former's business interests, rendered him as docile as a lamb.

Harding recently sailed for Constantinople, carrying with him his lovely wife, at the earnest request of her father, whose heart yearned towards her during her absence more than ever, from which fact we may justly infer that her visit to her birthplace will be rendered at least pleasant, though it will be necessarily brief, when she will return to the land of her adoption to take permanent possession of the home of which, thanks be to her worthy uncle's wealth and dutiful love, she is to be henceforth the presiding genius, and in which we may hope she will never know cause to regret her Oriental home, or the hour she became OUR SUPERBARGO'S BRIDE.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

On the 15th, Farini made his debut at Niagara as the grand rival of Blondin, and it must be confessed that both are so wonderful in their daring that it is difficult to decide between them. We are fully prepared to hear that one of them has lost his life in this rivalry of the impossible. The *Buffalo Courier* thus relates the feat:

"The band struck up, and Farini started down very slowly and doubtfully at first, for he had not gone ten feet when a difficulty appeared which threatened to be fatal. His pole was long and lumber, and became entangled in the guys at every step. Paused above the awful gulf he had to stand, and, in the most painful and laborious manner, extricate it from its entanglement. The odds seemed to be terribly against him at this moment. There was an outcry that he never would cross, and for a few moments of sickening suspense, in which he struggled with his pole, we believed half the crowd expected to see him fall. But the signor had pluck and nerve. Undaunted he held on his way, and after working some time as we have described, he sat down. He stood up, first on his feet and then on his head, and looked without so cool about it that confidence was restored. Slowly he proceeded, making frequent stops, and repeating his gymnastics. He hung by his heels, by his elbow, by his hands, lay down on his back, and finally stood on one foot without his balancing pole. In about half an hour he had wrought his way up to the Canada shore, where he was enthusiastically received, a band on that side playing 'Hail Columbia' the while."

"After having gone up to the Clifton House for refreshment, he returned, and at twenty minutes past five was again on the rope. In the centre he stopped, and the Maid of the Mist, which had been lying off and on with a large number of passengers aboard, came directly beneath him. He dropped a cord, which was caught aboard, and thus he drew up a rope, passing the end over his cable, and securing a double line for his perilous descent. In less than half a minute he had slid, not 'headforemost,' but hand over hand, down the eighty or a hundred feet to the deck of the boat. In a few minutes he prepared himself for the ascent, which was a tougher business. He drew himself up, however, and after some more gymnastics, was nearly on the American side again. To show that he was not used up by his appalling hour's work, he gave a *petz cent*, keeping time to the music of the band as he came ashore. He was received by his friends and an admiring crowd, and, wrapped in a coat, whirled off to the American Hotel in a carriage."

On Saturday a machinist of Jersey City went on board one of the ferry boats for the purpose of crossing over to New York, but, suddenly changing his mind, he turned and made a jump for the bridge. At the same instant, an old gentleman from Suttersville made a leap for the boat. The two bodies came in violent collision, grasped each other, and fell plump into the river. After floundering about for a while, the men were rescued by the ferry boats without further damage than a bath.

The Detroit *Free Press* publishes another instance of man's depravity and woman's "trusting tenderness." In other words, Mr. Friebe, engineer, of the Michigan Central Railroad Depot, lately eloped with a California widow, Mrs. Belle Goodell. They have been heard from at Quebec. The infuriated Lohrman leaves a most amiable wife and two children to mourn an unworthy father and husband. What renders the deserted wife the more inconceivable is the fact that he borrowed \$600 on his house and lot, thus adding injury to insult. The heart of married men is desperately wicked.

The Philadelphia *North American* relates the following melancholy occurrence in Burlington county on the 5th inst.: George Aiken was shot and instantly killed at Red Lion, near Vincentown, Burlington county, yesterday, by John H. Conover. It is alleged that Aiken had perpetrated an outrage upon the person of Conover's wife, and was forbid to come to the house. Conover, in the meantime, had got out a warrant for the arrest of Aiken, and placed it in the hands of the constable. When Aiken heard of it he threatened to kill Conover if he did not withdraw the warrant. He went to Conover's house, yesterday, when the latter shot him in the neck, killing him instantly.

Conover gave himself up to the authorities, and was lodged in the Mount Holly jail.

A GENTLEMAN, named Yardley, of Cincinnati, committed suicide at the Cataract House, Niagara Falls, some time during Sunday night or Monday morning. The deceased arrived at the hotel on Friday last, in company with three gentlemen, and the three occupied one room. His companions departed on Sunday, and he remained alone. Monday morning, the chambermaid, on proceeding to his room, found the door locked. This being something unusual, she reported the fact to the office, and at repeated calls without receiving any answer, a view of the inside of the room was had through the window. The spectators were horrified at seeing Mr. Yardley lying on the floor in a pool of blood, with his throat cut, and the instrument of death at his side. The door was broken open, and a note found on the table, written by deceased stating that he had no desire to live any longer, that he had misused his friends and was out of money. He also gave directions to the hotel people to notify his friends at Cincinnati of his decease.

These murders committed by carelessness are becoming fearfully frequent. The innocent perpetrators should be severely punished, since there is less chance of guarding against them than those of design. The police can watch a murderer, but not the man whose careless indifference lays a trap for life. On Friday, the 17th, as Francis Newberry was passing the Excelsior Iron Works, 201 Centre street, he was instantly killed by a beam of iron falling upon him. The jury, after fully investigating the case, rendered the following verdict: "Death from injuries received by being crushed by an iron beam in front of the premises, No. 201 Centre street. The jury censure the proprietors of the Excelsior Iron Works for their culpable carelessness in allowing said beam to be placed, as to have created the above injuries." We trust the parents will prosecute the careless murderers. The indifference of the reckless foremen of these large works is patent to all. Not long ago, Justice Whitley, of Jersey, called the attention of one of these arrogant and reckless employers to the danger the passengers in Fulton street were exposed by his reckless manner. His only response was a torrent of oaths. The Judge ought to have followed the matter up, and had the man arrested; but he says there is no justice in New York, and he is right.

The Seneca Falls correspondent of the *Tribune* says that a respectable lawyer was inveigled into a house in that neighborhood on the pretense of consulting with a lady in regard to a divorce. When he was there enjoying his legal *l'été-été* the husband rushed in, and mistaking the lawyer for a burglar, he discharged a pistol at the lawyer's head, giving him a severe drubbing. It is supposed to have been a plot between the wife and husband.

People who have apartments to let should be very careful, as it is a practice now to take board, come with an empty but very heavy trunk, and after a day's good feed absquatulate with all the valuables that the scamp can lay his hands on.

A MAN, named George Aldrich, who has lately served a term of five years in the Richmond Penitentiary, on his discharge went to where his relations resided and killed his sister and her son, a youth of thirteen. He then started after his mother and brother, declaring that if he could kill them he was ready to undergo any punishment that could be inflicted on him. He had not been arrested according to the Virginia papers, but the authorities were after him.

BELL'S TAVERN, well-known to all travellers in Kentucky as the comfortable stopping place for visitors to the Mammoth Cave, has been burned down. Thousands upon thousands from every nation and country have enjoyed its hospitality, and all will regret to hear of its destruction.

On Thursday, the 16th, a collision occurred between the police and Jimmy Massy, the well-known English pugilist, in which the latter got shot in the thigh, by his own hand, the officer throwing his hand down when the weapon was aimed at him. He was taken to the hospital, but has since been killed. Massy has since come out in a card, where he throws most of the blame upon the police and his next door neighbor.

BROOKLYN may well be proud of her boys, if she has many like the youth whose mother lives at 21 Vine street, Brooklyn. It appears that during the absence of the inmates two burglars broke into the house, and stole about \$100 worth of property. As they were leaving the premises, a little son of the occupant saw them, and without saying anything followed in their wake. At the first street corner reached the thieves separated, taking different directions. The lad was somewhat puzzled at first what to do, but finally followed one of the men until he came across Officer Kelly, of the First Precinct Police, to whom he said, "There is a man who robbed my mother's house!" and he was at once arrested. Nothing was said about another thief, but it seems to be kept his eyes open, and soon after espied the companion of the man under arrest, and meeting Officer Hugh, of the First Precinct Police, he quietly said to him, "There is a man who robbed my mother's house!" and he was also arrested. Upon his person the stolen property was found. Both of the prisoners were committed to jail.

CAPTAIN BRUSH, of the Sixth Precinct, had the upper portion of No. 17 Mott street taken down last week, in consequence of its dilapidated condition.

A FEMALE fiend, named Mary Quinn, got into a quarrel with another woman, named Simpson. Not being able to convince her opponent by argument, Mary Quinn drew a knife, and stabbed the other dangerously. She also stabbed a lad named Kelly in her rage. The wounded woman was taken to the hospital, and the would-be murderers committed to jail. The boy was taken to his parents. The police should be doubted in Cherry street. It is worse now than the Five Points.

The appalling force of the electric fluid has made itself evident lately. The correspondent of the *Portsmouth Gazette* gives the following particulars: "During the thunder storm Wednesday evening, a house occupied by Mr. Dearborn and Mr. Brown was struck by lightning, and Mrs. Brown, an Irish lady, was instantly killed, while at prayer, having just made the remark to Mrs. Dearborn that if the Lord was to take them she knew of nothing better to be doing than to be at prayer. She leaves four small children to the care of her husband. The house is so much damaged as not to be worth repairing."

DURING the thunder storm, between five and six o'clock on the afternoon of Saturday, the 18th, the schooner *Maricola*, of Freeport, Me., Captain George Hutchinson, lying at anchor off the foot of Jerusalem street, was struck by lightning. The mainmast was shivered from top to bottom, and the electric fluid passed into the cabin, where the captain and crew were seated at a table eating supper. The captain was struck and almost instantly killed, and the crew, five or six in number, were stunned and everything upon the table was smashed to atoms. A physician was summoned to attend upon the captain, but life had fled. None of the others are seriously injured.

The valuation of the city of Boston shows an increase of \$13,000,000 over that of last year.

Is the matter of the Prince's reception, the citizens of Kingston, Canada, are at a deadlock. A ball is talked of, but there is no hall in the city large enough for the purpose. In their dilemma the promoters of the ball intend applying to the trustees of the Methodist Church for the use of their room in the City Hall. It is questionable whether they will get it.

THE Rev. James Gubby, of the Third Presbyterian Church of Jersey City, has got into hot water, in fact almost as hot as theological water. It appears that three disorderly members, named Samuel Sterling, John Wilson and William Atchison, at a vestry meeting, shook their fists in the parson's face, and performed other gyrations not set down in the pious manual. They also threatened to pull the church down about the parson's ears, as samson did a few years previous. Varnish was granted against the Martin Luthers of Jersey City, and a lively time is expected before the Grand Jury.

MRS. MARGARET MURPHY, an Irish virgin of forty summers, and residing at 276 Washington street, was engaged in a fight, and resolved to try a little marriage, and caught the eye of another Irishman, named Luke O'Leary, who was, compared to her in age, only fifty cents in the dollar, i. e. only twenty years old—an age far too young to thoroughly appreciate the merits of forty! He, however, fell in love, borrowed six hundred dollars of his ancient fiancé, and then absconded—or, as that vagabond, the Troubadour, sings, "He loved, and rode away." Unfortunately for the gallant knight, the fair lady and a policeman rose after him, and he had to surrender to a justice with the un-Celtic name of Quackenbush. He acknowledges Plutus, but not Cupid—owes the money, but can't give his heart in payment. Galagher is a cupidous scamp, and ought to have a year in the penitentiary of marriage.

OUR Gotham Salamander, Fire Marshal Baker, who dreams of asbestos and arson, deserves the thanks of the community for his vigilance. Not a fire can occur but every suspicious circumstance is investigated, and the criminal invariably discovered. On the 22d of April a fire occurred in the cigar and liquor store 669 Broadway. Lambert was arrested on suspicion, but Porley has evaded the officers. The informants were two young men named Peeters and Wilson. It is supposed, as the store did not pay, that it was an attempt to secure the insurance, which was very heavy.

THERE has been a great scandal lately at Litchfield, in Connecticut. A drunken and disreputable man, named Richards, who had formerly been a minister of the Gospel, fancying himself wronged, went to the house of Dr. Bacon, and not finding him at home, acted in the following manner. We copy from the *Tribune* of August 18:

The assault on Mr. Bacon's house was committed during the absence of the latter from town, but while his younger brother, Dr. Francis Bacon, was there on a visit. Dr. Richards entered the house violently, went through the parlor toward Mr. Bacon's study, and in coming back met Mrs. Bacon, demanded where her husband was, and learned that he was not at home. He then pressed into the dining-room and saw Dr. Bacon just rising from the table. "Are you his brother?" said he, and immediately caught him by the throat and beat him violently on the head with his fist, demanding, "Where is he?" "Show him to me." In the struggle which followed Dr. Bacon was repeatedly knocked down and badly hurt before Dr. Richards was taken away by the neighbors. The assailant is a very large and powerful man, and his antagonist was in feeble health. A civil suit has been commenced against Dr. Richards; the damages are laid at \$5,000. The church at Northfield has ceased to employ Dr. Richards as a preacher. What are the clergy about that they foster such men as Richards?

WHAT with the Irish and young ladies the police have enough to do. The Dogberies of Brooklyn have been engaged for the last week in looking after a fair absconder, a Miss Sarah McMahon. Two brothers, named Matthews, are suspected of being the Tarquins.

On the 15th August several hundred Catholics of Jersey City proceeded to General Wright's Forest Home, in Hudson City, for the purpose of participating

in a picnic and festival, the proceeds of which were to be applied toward the erection of a Roman Catholic Church at the corners of Erie and South Seventh streets for St. Mary's Society. The General has long been famous for his indiscriminate piety.

A WASTEFUL fellow named O'Connor, a house agent, residing in Grand street, employed a colored person named Higgins to fetch some water for him, for which he was to pay twelve cents. When the work was done the mean rascal would only pay ten cents. A dispute arose, upon which O'Connor made an attempt to murder the man he had defrauded. The wounded man was taken to the hospital, where he remains in a very precarious state. The homicide was arrested and sent to jail.

The police have recently arrested seven boy-burglars, whose ages range from ten to fifteen. These young criminals have for some time been in the habit of breaking into unoccupied houses and stripping them of all that was comestible. Their spoil they sold to junk men, who, of course, must have known how they got it. Till the State confiscate these stray children and severely punish their patrons—the receivers of stolen goods—burglary and murder will be among our most prolific vices. The petty larcenist of fifteen is the murderer of thirty.

ARTHUR Heenan's brilliant exhibition in Jones's Wood, he went to Philadelphia, where he showed off in Cumack's Wood, here he made a fair show. He then went to Boston, where the authorities would not grant him a place to spar in. He consequently engaged a park at Chelsea, where five thousand spectators assembled. New York, after all, is the great patron of the muscular art.

THE *Tribune*, an excellent paper for "cullered pussions," has lately had two sensation articles—one against the morals of the whites, and the other against the *amour propre* of the same pale-faced tribe—we mean the Garney bogosity and this story. A colored barber lately went into one of his patron's stores and asked for a glass of soda water. "Don't sell to cullered pussions," said the druggist. When pebble and mortar went next day to be shaved, Sambo grumbled, "We don't shave de druggist, sah, any more!" The *Tribune* adds that the heavens smiled with a superior sunlight at this retribution.

## OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All questions sent to Mr. Phelan in reference to the rules of the game of billiards will in future be answered in this column. It would be too much labor to send written answers to so many correspondents.

Diagrams of Remarkable Shots, Reports of Billiard Matches, or items of interest concerning the game, addressed to the Editor of this column, will be thankfully received and published.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. G. H.—The keeper of the pool is not responsible. It is the duty of the players to see that the privileges are paid in as they are taken.

V. S. CURRA, R. M. T.—Shots declined for reasons reiterated rather too often in this column.

THREE-HANDED GAME.—All forfeitures in this game count for both of the opponents at the same rate as in the single-handed game.

R. D.—We decline answering such questions in this column. We refer you to a late number of the *Billiard Cue*, in which you will find an article, entitled "The counterfeit Cushion Detector," where you will find the animal properly obnoxious.

NEWPORT, R. I.—We shall endeavor to pay your refreshing locality a visit before the end of the month. We expect to make a call upon our friends in Boston, and to look in at Saratoga.

### THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

MAYOR WOOD'S BILLIARD-ROOM.—The *Herald*, in a description of Mayor Wood's suburban residence, which he has placed at the service of the Prince of Wales, thus speaks of the Mayor's private billiard-room: "Passing from the library, we enter a beautifully located and newly-furnished billiard-room, in which there is a first-class table, with all the concomitants to this interesting game. The walls are hung with select prints and paintings, and as the windows open on the fresh green lawn, the refreshing air of summer are wafted freely into the room, which they pervade with a sweet aroma of flowers." The *Herald* forgot to state that the first-class table was one of Phelan's manufacture.

BILLIARDS IN THE CITY.—Several of our professional cue knights are brushing up their game to be prepared to receive our friend Tipton with all the honors on the occasion of his coming visit. We shall have some "call" playing when he comes, if we may judge by present appearances. During the past week Dudley Kavanagh made a run of 213 at caroms. In the present weather, such running is not to be laughed at.

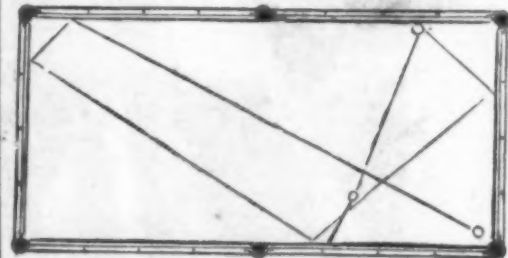
NEW JERSEY.—Mr. Phelan has been visiting New Jersey during the past week. The editor of the *Monmouth Herald and Inquirer*, published at Freehold, thus speaks of Mr. P.'s visit: "We had the pleasure of seeing him play with a couple of our fellow-townsmen, who, of course, were tried and found wanting." Mr. Phelan deserves the reputation his name bears, for he is master over all in this truly scientific game."

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.—The public are well aware that when Phelan's inventions and improvements in billiards were adopted by the public, all the old style manufacturers immediately went to work to decry them. But failing to prevent the universal recognition of the merit of the improvements, they immediately turned their attention to imitating them as nearly as possible, so as to pass their counterfeit off on the public, who would have no tables without the new improvements, as Phelan's tables and cushions. They have not, indeed, succeeded in carrying on this disreputable arrangement on a very extended scale, but have, of course, imposed on some parties, who, however, were never caught by them a second time. In order to protect both the public and themselves from these parties, Messrs. Phelan & Colander, the sole manufacturers of Phelan's Tables and Combination Cushions, have made arrangements which will put a stop to the dishonorable expedient of those manufacturers. The following announcement appeared in a late issue of the principal city dailies:

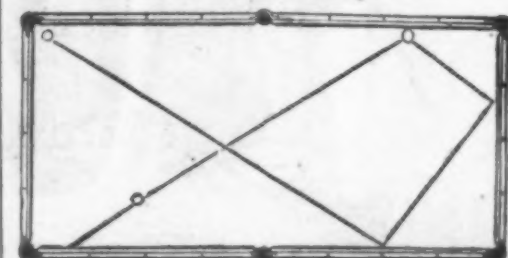
"We give notice to the Manufacturers and Purchasers of Billiard Tables that we have sold to Messrs. Phelan & Colander the exclusive right to the use and application of Charles Goodyear's invention of Vulcanized Caoutchouc or India Rubber, for which a patent was issued to the inventor, dated June 15, 1844, and extended June 25, 1858, for Billiard Tables. And Manufacturers of Billiard Tables are hereby notified that all future purchases of Vulcanized Rubber for Billiard Tables must be made from Messrs. Phelan & Colander; and all infringers on this right will be prosecuted by us to the full extent of the law."  
NEW YORK BILLIARD AND PACKING COMPANY.  
August 20, 1860."

It will be seen by this card that Messrs. Phelan & Colander have purchased the exclusive right to Charles Goodyear's invention of vulcanized rubber for billiard cushions, which hereafter can only be obtained from them, and which cannot be used without a license from them. Every table which has them, even the ordinary vulcanized rubber cushion, must bear a metallic plate, marked "Charles Goodyear's patent, granted June 15, 1844, extended June 25, 1858." Phelan & Colander will continue to be the sole manufacturers of Phelan's Combination Cushions and Tables. The ordinary vulcanized rubber cushions, which can only be had through them, they will sell to manufacturers and others at a moderate rate.

As an evidence of their zeal for the popularity of the game, Messrs. Phelan & Colander have determined to make a reduction of ten per cent. on their usual rates on all cash orders from date of 21st instant, thus giving the public the best table at the lowest possible price.

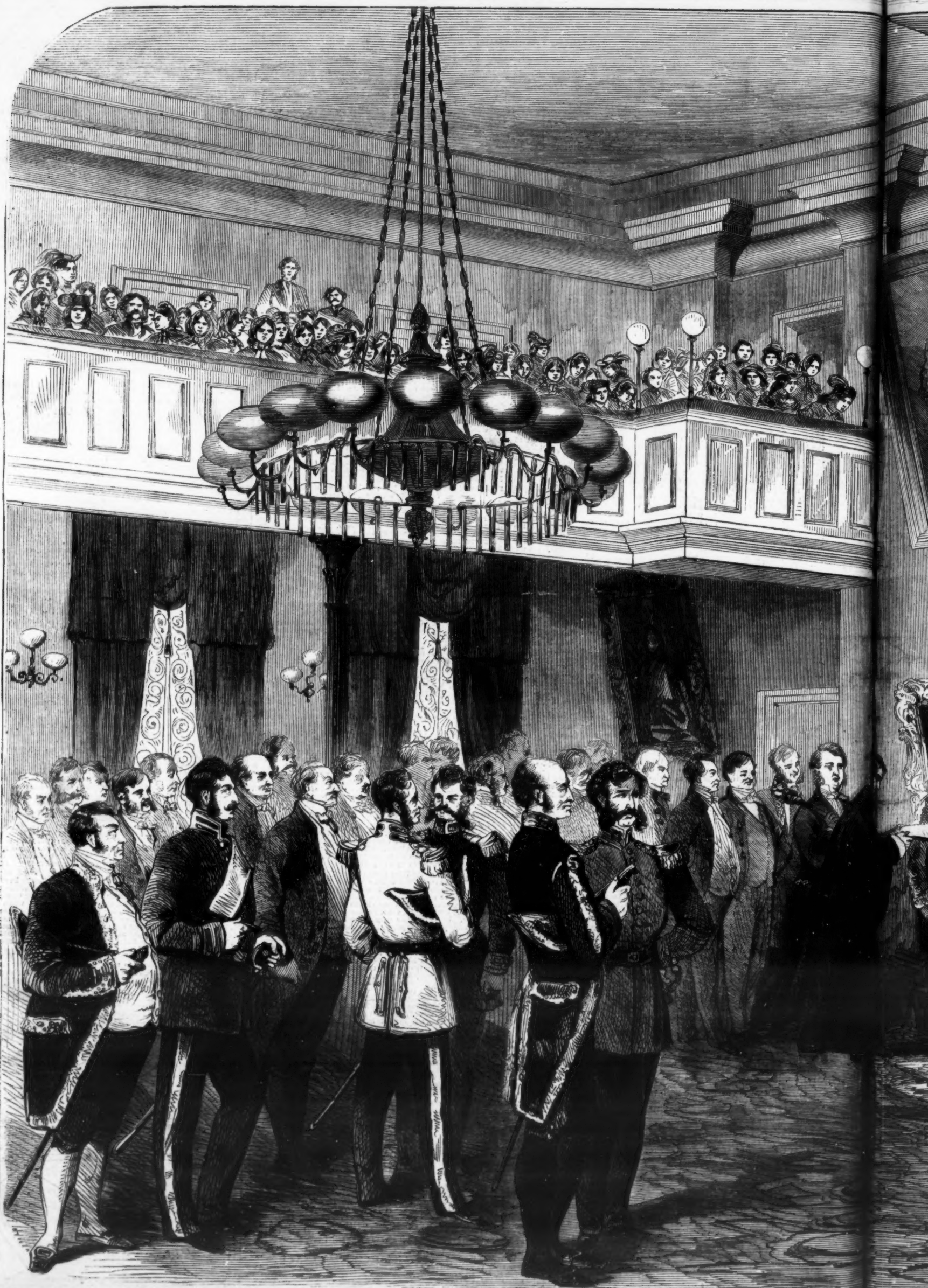


Shot made in the three ball carom game by an amateur.



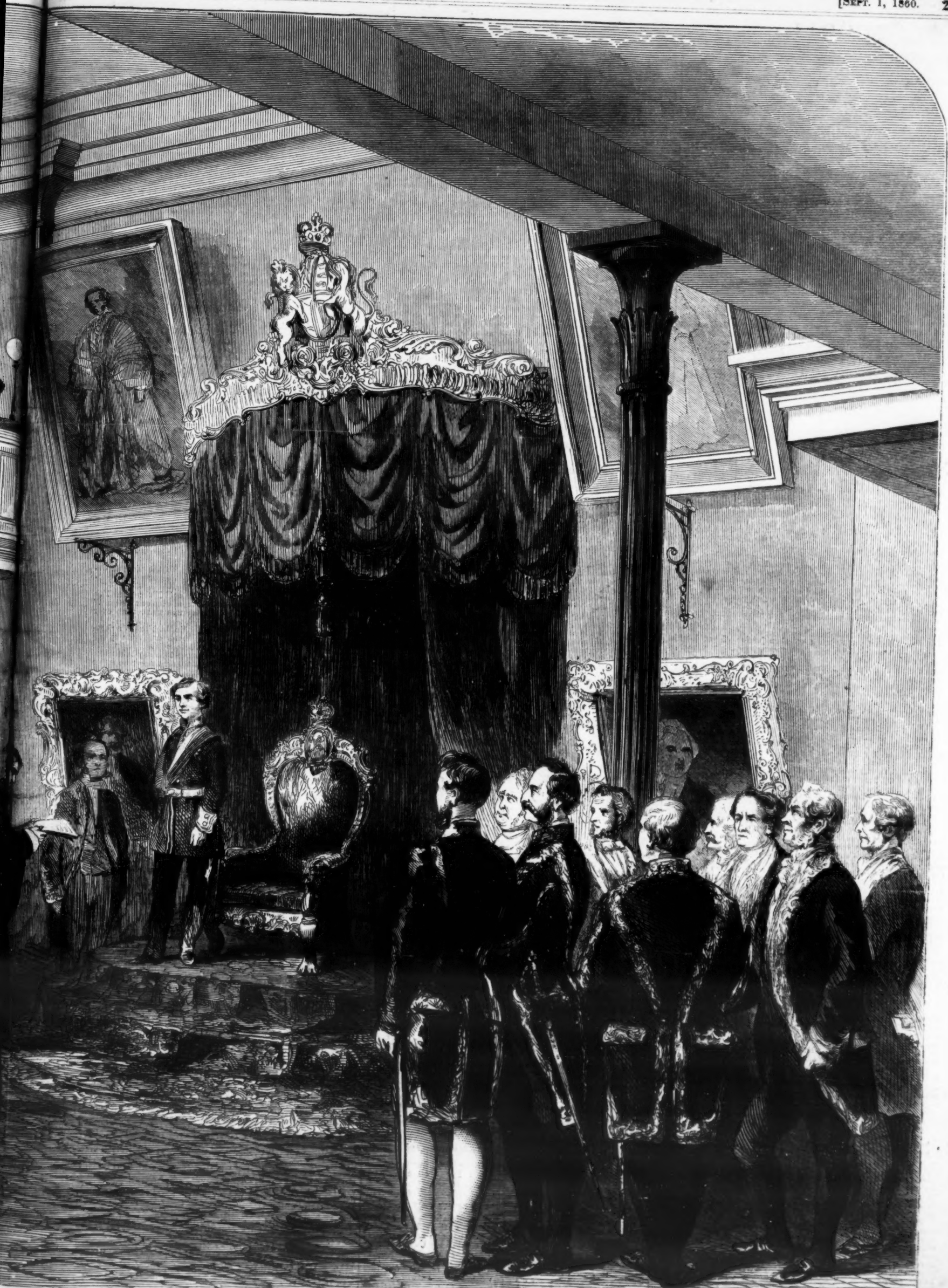
Shot for practice.





THE PRINCE OF WALES IN CANADA—GRAND LEVEE HELD BY H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, IN THE COUNCIL CHAMBER





CHAMBER OF THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE, QUEBEC, ON TUESDAY, AUGUST 21, 1860.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 226.



# MARIE; A TALE OF NEW ORLEANS AND THE SOUTH-WEST.

BY JACK BRACE.

CHAPTER VIII.—ALFRED'S HOPELESS LOVE.

"AND NOW, my dear Alfred," said Harry Berford, "open your heart to me. I will give you true sympathy, honest advice and my best services, if they can avail anything. You love yonder pale and beautiful girl?"

"To madness!" exclaimed Alfred.

"She is good and pure, I dare be sworn."

"As an angel!"

"Is it possible you have not won her love in return?" asked Harry, a little hesitatingly.

"Alas! she loves me too surely. Next to God and truth, her heart is all my own."

"What obstacle is there, then, my dear fellow, to your happiness? Surely, not the want of fortune on her part, for I know you are rich."

"Fortune? bah! we are rich, as you say, and I would give my whole patrimony to call Marie mine, as freely as a mother ever gave nourishment to her infant."

"Then why don't you marry her?" asked Berford, bluntly. "I know that family differences, refusal of parents, and all those obstacles which beset true love, bring misery on many an honest heart, but we Kentuckians have a decided contempt for such old-fashioned difficulties, and adopt a very summary mode of getting over them; we just carry off the girl we love, marry her, and let the old folks get pleased at their leisure. Try our plan, Alfred."

"It is impossible," said the young creole; "the impediment is not what you suppose. I cannot marry her, for she is a—"

"What! what?" demanded Berford, with intense interest.

"A quadroon?"

And springing up, with anguish and despair depicted on his pale, handsome face, Alfred walked the floor with head bowed and hands nervously clenched, exhibiting that pantomime of emotion to which the more stolid Anglo-Saxon seldom or never yields, but which is neither unmanly nor ungraceful in the fiery and excitable race.

Berford gazed on him with deep and earnest sympathy, until his face slackened and his mind became calmer; then he said, in his rich full-toned voice, every accent of which was manly, truthful and tender.

"Alfred! my dear Alfred, from the bottom of my heart I pity you. It is true your announcement surprises me; I should never have dreamed that the remotest drop of African blood tainted that fair skin, nor would it be suspected anywhere else but in New Orleans. She might pass unsuspected even in Kentucky. I promised you advice, Alfred, but, alas, I know not what to say. Some might bid you take her and fly to another land, where you might wed her without disgrace; but such happiness would be purchased too dearly, perhaps, at the expenses of all other ties and duties; besides, like yourself, I have been educated with certain notions as to race, which some may call prejudices, but which raise insuperable barriers to an honorable alliance with those of her blood. Others might give you less moral advice, especially knowing the condition which her class usually follows; but, besides that, I regard such a union, even when prompted by true love, as unblessed and degrading. I should, moreover, look upon him who would wrong that poor innocent maiden borne down by her sad heritage, as a villain."

"Ah!" ejaculated the creole, with a slight start, turning his glance quickly and somewhat fiercely upon the Kentuckian, whose calm, clear eye met his gaze frankly and fearlessly, as he said slowly and firmly.

"Yes, but you are not that man."

"Thanks, thanks! you do me more than justice. I would, with all my warm creole blood, and such excuse as custom gives to palliate the sin, rather die than sully her purity, or rob her of the innocence which gives her heart peace, if not present happiness. But my dear friend, this is not all; there is something more terrible hangs over Marie than the disappointment of love."

"Tell me, my friend; there at least my advice may do some good. Indeed, I desire to know everything you can with propriety tell me; not for your sake alone; but I should feel it a privilege to do something to lighten the sadness of one so good and beautiful. You know we Kentuckians claim to be true knights-errant in behalf of woman."

"Well, listen; three months ago I was playing billiards with some friends in St. Philippe street, about dark, in the evening, when I heard a woman shriek just in front of the house. The room was on the ground floor, and the door opened immediately on the street. Being nearest, I burst out and saw a ruffian with a girl struggling in his arms and trying to force her into a cabriolet which stood ready at the curbstone. With one blow of my cue I staggered him, and caught her in my arms. My companions did not come out quick enough to catch the scoundrel, who was dragged into the cab and driven off by his accomplice. As soon as the girl revived, she uttered some incoherent thanks, and started to go; but not thinking it safe for her to do so alone, with some difficulty I obtained permission to accompany her."

"During our walk, I could get but little from her in regard to herself, though she was profuse in her thanks, and when we arrived at the gate of her residence, she besought me so earnestly not to insist on a further acquaintance, while her fervent gratitude was so evident that I was strangely puzzled, and perhaps somewhat piqued. It was impossible, however, to render such a service to one so innocent and beautiful, and not seek to know more of her. I did not choose to do this in a surreptitious manner. Her dress was simple, and her dwelling comparatively humble, but her language and manners were those of refinement and good education, and so I frankly told her who I was, and desired the honor of her acquaintance under such a formal introduction as would be a guarantee of respect and consideration. She at first hesitated; then with an evident struggle, and a singular change, both in her tone and manners, which indicated great sadness of heart, she announced to me her condition. To the very first sentence I uttered in persistence of any desire to know her after this she replied, with the pride and dignity of a youthful queen:

"Monsieur, I have shown you the barrier between us; if you are brave and generous, as your conduct of this evening indicates, you will not attempt to overstep it; if you are otherwise, your effort would be in vain, and you will only rob a poor girl of the satisfaction she now feels in receiving a service from one whom she would wish to believe good and noble, whose memory she would be glad to cherish, and for whose happiness she will ever pray."

"What could I say? You know what is usually considered the condition of the quadroons; but you do not, perhaps, know, as I do, that of their race there are some as pure and virtuous, as intelligent and refined beings as breathe; that many of them, especially in certain neighborhoods on the coast, are free, wealthy and well educated, possess moral excellence, and enjoy all the blessings of life, except social equality with the whites and the right of marriage, which is not recognised among the descendants of the African, even with their own race."

"The right of marriage?"

"Yes, marriage is a civil contract. They are all Catholics, however, and our church, which fills so many gaps where human laws fail to excuse the moral good, gives her sanction to the union between them, though not between a white person and a quadroon, which the law prohibits; but though marriage is thus made a religious sacrament among them, it is not, as I have said, recognised by law, and the settlement of property has to be regulated by express contracts which our jurisprudence favors. A quadroon girl, therefore, may be as pure as snow, as beautiful as an angel, and accomplished as a paragon, but she cannot marry, unless she finds a suitable mate in some male of her own class, which is difficult enough, first, because the proportion of females is much greater than among the pure white or blacks; and next, the men of their race seldom or never compare favorably with the women, either intellectually or physically, so that her chances are generally between a life of celibacy and a degraded and unblest union with a white man, which, I am sorry to say, is too much sanctioned by custom among us."

"I am not altogether uninformed on the subject, and have sometimes puzzled my brain over the enigma, as to what is to grow out of it, for if I am correctly informed, the numbers of this class are increasing," said Berford.

"I believe so."

"Well, if evil comes of it in a heavier form than individual unhappiness, it will be but the penalty of the sin of amalgamation. Where God has set his mark man should never, with his unbridled passions, overstep the bounds. But to return, what more of Marie, for of course it was her?"

"Yes. Well, I suppose my manner changed more in accordance with her feelings; for upon my expressing some regret that we could not meet again, mingled with sincere assurances of respect, she said, in consideration of my services, and because I seemed to desire it so much, that she would refer the matter, as she did everything else, to her spiritual guardian and friend, Father Du Bois. The priest, who is one of the best and holiest of men, had been the instructor of my childhood, and was the friend of my family. A few days after he spoke to me on the subject and informed of Marie's history. It appears that he had noticed her beauty and sprightliness when a little girl among his Sunday school scholars, and finding on inquiry that she was a sort of waif under the care of a free mulatto woman, a good-natured, easy creature, who occupied a small cottage, free of rent, from some unknown person for taking care of the child, whom she supported by her labor, and to whom she was deeply attached, Father Du Bois assumed, with the consent of the woman, a temporal as well as spiritual guardianship over her, and making her education a labor of love. The old priest, who is a man of extraordinary accomplishments, as well as great piety, has cultivated the graces of her mind and the sentiment of soul to an unusual degree. All this he told me, and placing before me, in the strongest light, the impropriety of seeking any further acquaintance, which might involve our feelings mutually, and would be sure in that case to bring unhappiness to one he loved and whom I must respect, he still permitted me to see Marie in his presence, to receive again her eloquent thanks and to converse with her. This was wrong, as he has since bitterly said. But there is no human being entirely free from vanity, how excellent so ever in all else, and Father Du Bois, a subtle ally of human motives says all the error was his own, for he feels that his reasonable objections to our further acquaintance were in a great measure overcome by his pride in his ward, and a secret desire to show how peerless a creature she was, one whom he deemed above human passions, and intended as the bride of heaven. But even this was excusable, for he has taken great pains with the moral culture of the class to which she belongs, devoting his life to the amelioration and happiness of a humble and despised race, when he, with his great talents and exalted piety, as well as his influential connections, might be at least a bishop. Such are the examples which our church only can exhibit."

"I trust such is the feeling of all good Christians, Alfred; though I will never deny the piety and merit of Catholic missionaries," interrupted Berford.

"Well," continued Du Val. "I have said it was wrong. It was fatal to both of us—for we loved and hopelessly. I am proud to say that my love has been submitted to the ordeal of passion, and it came out pure. Only one other interview would Father Du Bois permit. But two days ago, baring with a desire to see Marie, I went to her house and found her alone. She was startled at the intrusion, and bade me leave her; but the words of a full heart will come forth, and I poured out my passion at her feet. A dove could not have been more frightened at a serpent. She started to fly, but there was such truth and honesty in my language, so much respect in my deportment, and her own innocence was so strong, that she paused to listen; and then, with a word and a look, she expressed every unwholy thought, and showed me my soul as it was, by laying bare her own. Yes! she confessed that she loved me, but, pointing to Heaven, told me only to hope for a union there."

Alfred paused, and paced the floor a few moments in silence.

"Well, my friend, with all this I can sympathise, but scarcely pity you, because a love which thus refines and may halo your future with a sweet pleasant memory, if you cherish it only as a memory, which you will do, as you tell me Marie is destined for a convent."

"Ah! but you have not heard the worst. Just as we seemed to understand each other, and I was about to depart, leaving hope in one sense behind me, but carrying with me in its place all those sweetest memories you so well appreciate, a frightful incident occurred, which clouds all the future so darkly that I can see nothing. Angry voices were heard in the yard, and the good-natured mulatto came in with a low white wretch—this very Rainsford—who claimed Marie as his slave."

"Good Heavens! His slave? What did you do? what did she say? Was any such claim heard of before?"

"Not that I am aware; yet strange to say, Rachel, the mulatto, in effect admitted his statement to be true, while, with terror and distress in every feature, she prayed for compassion and mercy to the brute, as if he had any such attributes. What did I do? Harry, my friend, if I told you the coarse jests, the fiendish threats he made, the hellish purpose he disclosed, you would call me a coward that I did not kill him on the spot. But no, I acted for the best; I terrified him until I forced him to leave the premises, and give me a pledge not to return or in any way molest Marie until he proved his claim legally."

"But what is the pledge of such a ruffian, as it seems he is, worth?"

"Nothing in the world, unless you had the power to enforce it. So I took the precaution at once. Fortunately her dwelling is located in what is called the French part of the city, and by using my influence as a creole—we are very clanish, you must know—I put her residence under a sore and strong police surveillance, and, as you saw to-day, she has now ample protection. I then hurried to Father Du Bois and told him all. He immediately sent for and obtained an order from one of our judges, placing Marie under the care of one of our most respectable citizens, with whom you saw her, and who was appointed curator to represent her rights, so that before ten o'clock that night she was safe under an honorable roof. Thus, my dear friend, the matter stands; if you can advise, to do so."

"The first object, Alfred, seems to me would be to prevent publicity being given to this claim for Marie's sake. Cannot this be bought off, and she quietly emancipated? Money would be no object, and if there is any delicacy or embarrassment in your coming forward, I will place any amount in the good priest's hands, or will undertake the negotiation myself."

"Many thanks, my generous friend; but I fear that plan is hopeless. It is not money which is wanting. Father Du Bois, though poor by choice, could himself obtain thousands at a word, while my own command of means is unlimited. No; the attempt has been already made, and the wretch refuses absolutely to yield his claim for money. Fifty thousand dollars, he says, would not move him."

"That is very strange, considering his character—there is a mystery in this. He cannot have that refinement of passion, much less any sentiments of love, which could make her possession, even if free to pursue his unhallowed purposes, thus valuable to him. His abandonment for so many years of his claim, too, adds to the complication. But if I understand your laws, the power resides somewhere to take a slave away from the owner to prevent brutality."

"There is such a law, though it has never applied, I believe, to a similar case, and there is some doubt whether the mere apprehension of bad treatment would authorize the interposition of the court. This may be, however, a forced resource if he makes good his claim. Yet, merciful Heaven! what an ordeal for Marie!"

"It certainly requires all the thought, prudence and energy that we are masters of to solve satisfactorily this unhappy affair. I say, we, my dear Alfred," said Berford, putting his arm affectionately around the young creole, "for I am with you to the death in everything that may be necessary to do."

Du Val thanked his friend with considerable emotion, and rallying, he said:

"For the present I must leave you. Remember, that to-morrow you spend the day with us at our place. I shall come early for you."

CHAPTER IX.—A QUADROON BALL—TWO OF OUR CHARACTERS.

I HAVE no disposition or intention to clothe vice in the garb of virtue, or to lift the veil of actual life so far as to exhibit anything offensive to the most delicate sense of propriety, and, therefore, when I invite my readers to a quadroon ball, I beg them to understand that it is no scene of indecent debauchery which I propose to describe. On the contrary, under the excellent police system which existed in New Orleans, and with the native sense of decorum which prevails among the class of whom I write, notwithstanding their legal degradation, there is less perhaps to shock modesty in the conduct of such an assembly than in many a one which obtains high recognition in the social world. In a spacious hall, situated on St. Philippe street, brilliantly lighted, and furnished on each side

with two rows of benches, leaving the centre of the apartment, which was perhaps a hundred feet long, free for dancing, was gathered a gay and promiscuous company. At one end, separated by a passage, was a saloon, where drinks and refreshments were served out, and adjoining this was a room devoted to games of chance, the principal and most popular of which was a game called "craps," played with dice, and something similar to hazard. In this apartment, intensely engaged in the chances of the dice, was one of our most important characters—Rainsford. A few quadroon beauties were sitting in and out, and several old semigenteel habitués moved smilingly around, always ready to make suggestions or to place a player's money, congratulating him on success, and accepting a small loan with so much grace that the lender felt himself the obliged person. Close around the table were gathered men of all kinds and classes; the rough boatman, who saw his hard earnings melt away with a bitter curse; the steamboat captain, with his bold, dashing manners; profligate young creoles, of the best families; and men even of high rank and standing in society, who deemed it but relaxation to see a little of the world. Alas! curiosity is one of the most dangerous and alluring baits which vice lays to catch the unwary; and the gaming table is the greatest of all levers, except death.

Rainsford paid little attention to those around him; he had been betting high, and the game of craps, while it is a very seductive one in the chances which it offers, is also a dangerous one, tempting even the most wary to increased investments, and affording no opportunity for unfair skill on the part of the player—that slight of hand by which the unscrupulous always calculate on coming off first best, which was this man's peculiar forte.

At the time we find Rainsford he was largely a loser, and becoming noisy and profane, although he knew very well that he was not in a place where it was safe to bully. A throw with the dice was about to be made, but the game was unequal; it required a considerable sum to make the bet even, which is generally staked by the banker, but which any outside better has the privilege of doing. The banker looked around hesitatingly for a moment, when Rainsford said:

"I take it; go ahead!"

The dice were thrown, and he lost. With a desperate oath he turned from the table, at the same time dashing down some notes—

"There, take it, damn you—I am dead broke!"

The money was counted, and found short by some fifty dollars, at which a number of by no means friendly remarks were uttered.

"You can get no more of a dead dog than his hide," said he, defiantly.

But the *sacres* which were muttered, and the fierce looks which encountered him on every side, somewhat modified his tone.

"Gentlemen, I thought I had enough; I will pay the banker to-morrow."

At this moment his eyes fell most unexpectedly upon an acquaintance.

"Hilloa! Dick, have you a spare fifty?"

"Certainly, old boss; just take it out of this," said our friend Denton, for it was he, handing him a hundred dollar bill.

This was the first time that the boatman had met Rainsford since parting with Harry Berford, being, in fact, the night of the day on which he had been furnished with funds, and sent in search of the gambler. He had traced him through the police officers, to whom Alfred had given him a card, and had been some time looking on, though unobserved himself.

Rainsford paid his indebtedness, and instead of returning the balance, said:

"Let me try it once more with this."

To which the boatman promptly nodded an affirmative.

Luck was against the gambler, however, and he lost it quickly.

"Come and let us liquor, old boss," said he to Denton, whose readiness to loan him at once suggested the idea that he had obtained a fresh supply of funds, and that he, Rainsford, might possibly find a more winning game than craps.

"No, I thank you, I've shet down on that," said Dick; "but I've no objection to take a turn in the other room, and look at the gals."

"Come along, then," said Rainsford, who was more than ever convinced that Dick had made a raise.

The two entered the dancing-saloon, where, in the blaze of a thousand lights, moved in the mazes of the graceful dance the sylph-like and voluptuous forms of beauties whose appearance would have done no discredit to the court of Venus. The gay laugh, the merry jest, the soft, liquid tones that filled the air with vocal music—the flashing eyes, the glowing lips, disclosing, as they parted, shining rows of pearls—made up an inventory of charms which would have given a Turk a very fair idea of his sensual paradise.

Rainsford's coarse nature would have been gratified at the mere beholding of so much beauty; but his mind was preoccupied with affairs more engrossing. First, he was much vexed at his losses, which had been heavy; but his chagrin was softened by the hope of making them up by fleeing Denton again; then he had been disappointed, so far, in the principal object for which he came to the ball—the vain idea of meeting Marie. She had never been contaminated by such associations. Of course his vulgar mind could not appreciate her refinement; and burning with jealousy and hatred at the supposed intimacy between her and Alfred, it required no stronger reason perhaps than his inflamed passions to make him reject the large offers of Father Du Bois; while no restraint but that of actual force of fear would have prevented him from endeavoring to get possession of her.

He did not find Marie, but the first person almost he encountered when he returned to the ball-room with Denton was Rachel, her sometime guardian, who, fond to excess, as her class usually are, of pleasure, and feeling lonesome in absence of her charge, had come to the ball to dissipate her sadness. The woman trembled visibly at the sight of Rainsford, and would have avoided him, but stopping directly in front of her, he demanded, in a rude, loud voice:

"Now, you yaller devil, where's my girl?"

"Oh, Lord! Massa Rainsford, you know they's done took her away from me; for de Lord's sake, don't make a fuss here!"

"I'll fuss you! I'll take your life if you don't git her back!" The woman was about to deprecate his anger when he drew back and dealt her a blow, the force of which, though partially arrested by Denton, was sufficient to stagger her. A loud scream from Rachel, as she fell back, created a scene of the wildest confusion, in the midst of which, and before the police could arrest him, Rainsford was hurried from the room by Denton, who, though disapproving his violence, had no wish that the law should snatch his man from him.

Rachel soon recovered from the blow, but, like her race, she was unnerved and agitated, and uttered a low, piteous moan of "Oh, Lord! Lord! I'm done kilt!"

"You are a fool—he didn't hurt you," said one of her sympathisers, a bold, black-eyed quadroon, beneath whose dark olive complexion the warm blood glowed as if on fire, and whose contracted brow, short, firm lips, which curled up, showing the bright pearl tresser of her mouth and dilating form, gave indications of as fierce a spirit as ever resisted wrong, and which, under different auspices, might have made its possessor a heroine.

Juanna was the daughter of a Spaniard, and had received gentle culture in her childhood; but the father desiring to form a marriage of convenience, she had been pensioned off with her mother, who died soon afterwards. It was the first time, when forced thus from the parental roof, that she became aware of the "curse of caste"; and when her dying parent, with lips fresh from the holy cross, declared that she had been lawfully wedded in her own distant country to him who now availed himself of the laws under which he resided to throw her off, a bitter spirit entered the heart of the young child which tinged her whole character, and gave a fierceness to her resistance of wrong. The Spaniard soon after left New Orleans with his young bride, and Juanna, when she grew up, followed the "condition of class," but was no worse than the tyranny of custom made her. She had a high temper, a jealous disposition, and was fond of pleasure; but she was nevertheless universally popular among her people, whose cause she always boldly espoused, and generally with success, as she was under the protection of a wealthy and high-spirited creole, who entertained respect as well as affection for her. But alas! the penalty of sin is inevitable, and whether human institutions seem to make it compulsory, or human laws excuse or palliate it, the eternal edict is unchangeable. Juanna, a good Catholic according to her teaching, would have answered promptly that her condition was neither disgraceful nor wrong; but the very earnestness with which she would have urged her defence, and the jealousy she felt of those belonging to her class who refused to comply with the custom to which she yielded, evinced a sense of error and an unsatisfied conscience. Among these was Marie, whom she had known in childhood, and once loved very dearly. Since Juanna had been "placed" (the term indicating



the left-hand marriage of the quadroon with a white) their intercourse had ceased at the wish of Father Dunois, as well as the real desire of Marie, whose sensitive and cultivated nature shrank from what she considered the degradation of her caste. Although Joanna had never openly resented this, and was too good-hearted in reality to seek to injure her former friends, yet she felt what seemed a slight and a reproach none the less keenly. She had heard something of the affair, which caused Marie to be taken away from Rachel and placed under the guardianship of M. Dufour, and being near when the brief party took place between Rainsford and the mulatto, and having seen the blow, she at once divined that there might be a chance of clearing up the mystery for she readily understood, by the gambler's expression about "his girl" that he was in some way or other connected with the fate of Marie. She became, therefore, one of the most active sympathizers of Rachel.

"I say he has not hurt you; but come along with me, this man must be arrested, and you know I can have it done."

"Oh! no, no, no, chile, you mustn't; you know," exclaimed the woman, holding back.

"Well, come along out of the crowd, anyhow," persisted Joanna, drawing Rachel's arm through her own, and with a haughty "Place, messieurs, s'il vous plait," to the curious crowd that environed them, she led her unresistingly to a private apartment. Here she at once ordered a glass of spirits, which she made Rachel drink and as soon as she was a little more composed, demanded of her, "Well, Rachel, what is all this about Marie?"

"Marie? Why, chile, who does talk about Miss Marie?"

"Miss Marie!" exclaimed Joanna. "You are getting polite, Rachel."

But instantly curbing her temper lest it might defeat her purpose of unravelling this mystery, which she was determined to effect, she said, in a soft, persuasive tone,

"Come, Rachel, tell me all about it; you know I am your friend and Marie's too, though she has refused to associate with me since I am placed."

"Oh, indeed I can't, Anita, I can't—I daren't."

"Rachel, you can and must," said the quadroon, calmly and firmly, as she fixed her large black eyes on the woman with such an intense gaze that she fairly quailed under it. "You had better tell me than to let me find out from others, and I will know all about it somehow."

Rachel yielded, and in a broken and incoherent manner revealed all that had taken place.

"Ha! she is a slave!" exclaimed Joanna, "and the slave of a low, mean gambler; a pretty miss she to look down on the daughter of a gentleman who was born free!"

There was such intensity of bitterness in this exclamation that it made the mulatto tremble with alarm. It was, however, only an outburst of mortified pride, which exhausted all its acerbity in expression; for when Rachel cried, in a tremor of undefined apprehension, "Oh, don't, honey, don't talk so, and she in trouble," Joanna said, calmly and almost sorrowfully,

"You are right, Rachel, I must not talk so; it is sinful. She is in trouble, and I would gladly help her if it was in my power, although she may despise me."

"Oh, no, no, Miss Joanna dear, she don't despise nobody in the 'varsal world, she don't. She loves 'em all, only you see Father Dunois didn't want to 'sociate with—' and the woman stopped with instinctive consideration.

"Speak it out, Rachel," said the quadroon, firmly—"with such as I am. Well, I have no right, perhaps, to complain, and I will not; I but follow the condition which the laws of God and man impose on me. The former bid me seek a mate, and education and refinement taught me to look among the highest and noblest of the sex; while the latter compelled me to an unholy union with the man of my heart and choice. He loves me well too—my Armand does—and though my war, Spanish blood makes me seek pleasure in the gaieties of yonder mixed crowd, amid scenes of dancing and music, because such things are forbidden me elsewhere, yet am I true to his love. No man save he ever pressed Joanna's lips, or laid an unlawful touch on her person."

This was said with a glowing cheek, a flashing eye, and a truthfulness of tone which showed that however degraded in caste, and through custom, the "trail of the serpent" had not yet withered those "flowers of Eden" which bloom in every true woman's soul. "That's a fact, Miss Joanna," said Rachel, admiringly. "You're as good as they'll let you be, and the Great Marster up above'll judge 'em right."

"Well, never mind that now, Rachel; the question is how I can serve Marie. I understand her affairs better than you suppose. This young Alfred Du Val loves her, and she must love him, for he is one of the handsomest, bravest and richest creoles in the city; why doesn't she let him buy her and live with him?"

"She'd die first, chile; she ain't like nobody else; 'sides Father Dunois wouldn't let her."

"Well, Alfred is rich and generous, why doesn't he buy her and free her so that she can go in the convent as Father Dunois wishes her to do?"

"And that he would, chile, in a minute; but Miss Rainsford won't sell her. Father Dunois is done over him heaps of money; but he won't take it. Monsieur Alfred says he'd give fifty thousand dollars for her."

"What's the reason of this, Rachel? Fifty thousand dollars to such a man would be an immense fortune, and I know the character of Alfred Du Val, and the wealth of his father and uncle well enough to believe he would actually give that sum. Surely such a man as this Rainsford cannot love her well enough himself to refuse all that money."

"He says he'll have her if he dies for it. Listen, Anita, darlin'," said Rachel, sinking her voice to a whisper; "it's horrid! I believe 'fore God she's his own daughter too!"

"His own daughter! Impossible, Rachel!" exclaimed Joanna. "There are surely no such brutes in human form. There is a mystery in all this, Rachel, and you must tell me everything you know about this man, and how you first came by Marie."

As she said this, the young quadroon leaned her elbows upon the little table which was between them, rested her face on her hands, and fixed her bright, earnest black eyes upon her companion.

"Well, chile," said Rachel, as if under a spell she could not resist, "fore God I'll tell all about it, but you must be keener, Anita darlin', or may be you'll hang me."

"Go on, Rachel, don't fear me, I will never injure one of my race."

"Well, you see, it was maybe some thirteen or fourteen years ago—when I was younger than I is now—a yaller man was comin' to see me, and wanted to marry me. He was free and good-looking and had a 'spectable standin', only folks couldn't tell how he got so much money, but that wasn't none of their business, and as he was mighty free and easy wif the money, why in course it warn't no objection to him, and so we got engaged. Well, you see, one night he comes to my house in a great hurry, and says he's goin' out of the city in a few days and wants me to take keer of a box what he left with me. He was mighty flustered, as I remembered 'arterwards, though I didn't see it then. Well, he went away, and the next day the constable come and searched my house and found the box—for I didn't think of hidin' it—and so they took that and me both to the calaboose. Lord, chile! it was full of gold and jewellery he had done stole, the villain, and fetched to me, to get an honest woman in trouble, and that was he gone clean away and I left 'ponable with the things upon me. I thought I should have dropped done stone dead, I did. So all night long I laid down on the floor of the calaboose and moaned. The next morning the man come what the box and the things belonged to, he was a gambler, and Tom was his wailer man. So he questioned me and threatened me until I was nigh skeered to death; but I told him the whole truth, that Tom and I was about to get married, but that I never know'd nothing about the box, 'cept he fetched it."

"That's all very pretty," says he, "but you can't fool me, one nigger wif hide what another steals."

"So I thought for a while he'd send me to jail, and I begin to beg and offer to prove my good character, when seem' how keered I was, he takes me one side, and says he, 'Tell me where Tom is, and maybe I'll let him off.'"

"But honey I didn't know, and couldn't tell him in course; so arter seem' I was tellin' nuffin but the truth, he axed me if I was free."

"Yes, marster, here's my papers," says I, for I took them with me when I was 'rased."

"What will you do for me if I'll let you off?" says he.

"Anything in the 'varsal world, marster, what I can do honest," says I.

"Well," says he, "I am going away from here for some years; I have a little girl—she's a quadroon and belongs to me, mind you—

and I want you to take care of her for me. I'll rent you a house, and you must work and support her, and when I come back I'll do something handsome for you; but if you lose her or let anything happen to her before I come, I'll hang you, for remember I snan't dismiss this charge until I return."

"Well, you see, Anita dear, they let me out of the calaboose, and he give Marie—then a little girl not or'n three years old. He paid my rent six months for me, and give me some money and I never hear from him again till three days ago, when he came and claimed Marie for his slave, and Marster Alfred was goin' to shoot him."

"And he is this same Rainsford; and you think that Marie is his daughter, and that he wishes to make her his mistress?"

"Yes, that's it, chile, and it's horrid to think on."

"Rachel, she is not his daughter, I am certain; if she was, he would not refuse fifty thousand dollars, and still be willing to dishonor her himself. There is some mystery here, and I am determined to find it out. Now go home, Rachel, and don't say a word to any one about our conversation. Stop—I'll go down stairs with you; don't be afraid of Rainsford—I'll speak to one of the police myself."

And having kindly put the mulatto in charge of a cabman whom she knew, the quadroon beauty returned to the gaieties above.

At the door of the saloon she was met by a handsome, manly-looking creole, with a fine countenance, marred only by a slight sensual expression.

"Armand!" she exclaimed, holding out both hands, "you are late, mon ami!"

"Why, Joanna, I have been looking for you nearly an hour. They said you had gone out with some one. Ah! coquine, where have you been?"

"Never mind, Armand, I wish you to take me home at once, and leave me to myself."

"Take you home and leave you alone?"

"Yes, monsieur, and give me ever so much money besides."

"What do you mean by that, Anita?"

"Armand, you are not jealous?"

"Not at all, Joanna. I have no cause I think."

"Well, do as I ask, and you shall know all hereafter. I have a good work in hand."

"One dance, then, Anita, and we go." And gliding his arm softly around her waist as the band struck up a spirit-stirring waltz, they mingled in the gay crowd, and whirled through the maze measure of the dance.

#### CHAPTER X.—THE GAMBLING HELL.—AN ADVENTURE.

WHEN Denton had got Rainsford clear of the ball-room and of pursuit, which he did by main force, turning a corner as soon as he was out of the building, and jumping into a cab, the driver of which very promptly obeyed his order to "go ahead," he addressed the gambler with some sternness—

"What the devil do you mean for striking a gal and kicking up a fuss with the women when I'm with you?"

"Pshaw! she's nothing but a nigger," replied the other, "and I ought to kill her for what she's done."

"Well," said Denton, who a honest indignation was checked by the fact that an outright quarrel with Rainsford might defeat his views in regard to him, "it's none of my business, anyhow. I don't think much of you for hitting a wench, anyhow; but of course I tuk you out of it as you was with me. Which way are we steering now?"

"You stood by me like a man, Denton, and I'll remember it," said Rainsford, whose temper had cooled down, and who was now intent upon fleeing his friend.

"Well, as for that," said Denton, whose greatest vanity was perhaps in his personal prowess, "it was no great tricks; but if you had been in a real 'knock down and drag out' skrimmage now, you might have seen how Devil's Dick would 've stood by old Satan himself if he happened to be in company with him. But, I say, what shall we do? I'm in for a little fun to-night."

"Why," said Rainsford, a little cautiously, "if you can spare me another hundred, I think I could get even, or maybe win a pile, and you might try your luck too, and stand a chance to get back all you've lost."

"Well, see here, stranger," said Dick, squaring himself around in the cab, "I'm agreeable; but mind you, no tricks. I ain't goin' back to that same place either, for I've a notion they drugged me there before, and I might get rambunctious at the very sight of the critter; and I ain't goin' to tetch a drop of licker neither, that's gospel!"

"All right," replied the other, with inward satisfaction, "I'll take you to the right place this time. I was deceived in the other; it is a devilish hole, as I found out afterwards. They skinned me deep."

Whether Denton believed him or not he gave no sign, but permitted Rainsford to direct the driver where to take them. The cab soon stopped at the door of one of the most fashionable and splendid halls in the Crescent City. Entering by a side door they ascended a flight of steps and rang the bell. Having been duly scanned through a small square lattice in the door, they were admitted into an ante-room, where one of the proprietors, to whom Rainsford was known, met them. Denton was introduced, and the pair were invited into a large and splendid saloon, where a crowd of well-dressed men were playing that favorite American game, faro.

Rainsford managed to make a sign, and whisper a word to the proprietor as they went.

"How much?" inquired the latter.

"Perhaps a thousand or two," answered Rainsford.

"It won't do," replied the other, in a tone of contempt at the amount named. "Besides, we are 'on the square' to-night; got some big 'sports' here to-night; go along in, and try if you cannot do better next time."

The reader will understand by this brief colloquy that Rainsford had offered to sacrifice his companion to the keeper of the hell for a share in the spoils, but that the latter had declined, first, because the amount which the boatman was supposed to have was too small, but principally because some rich gamblers were playing against the game, and it was necessarily fair.

Baffled in this attempt, Rainsford determined to try his own luck, and turning to Denton, who, if he noticed the whispered conference between the two, did not appear to remark it, he borrowed a hundred dollars, and sat down at one of the tables to play. At first he had considerable good luck and won; but pressing his stakes desperately, he experienced an adverse turn, which soon swept away his pile. Denton also played, and as is generally the case under such circumstances, being indifferent as to the result, he won.

"I'm broke, Dick," said the gambler; "give me another hundred."

"Certainly," replied the other, handing the amount in the checks of the game.

"Won't you take a drink?" asked Rainsford, as he received them.

"No! and don't you ax me agin," said the other, in a low, emphatic voice.

Rainsford, however, called for brandy, and drank freely himself, and then commenced playing again. He lost several bets, however, in quick succession, and striking the table a blow with his fist, as he muttered an oath, he knocked over and scattered the counters of a young creole, who had taken a seat but a few moments before at the table, and whose fierce black eye, notwithstanding his youthful appearance, bespoke neither a tame nor gentle spirit.

"Sacré! why do you knock my chips about so?" demanded he.

"Don't it, didn't you see it was an accident?" said Rainsford, sullenly.

"Don't d—n me, sir!" said the creole, half rising.

"And why not? D—n you!" exclaimed the gambler, more than usually excited by his losses and by drink.

Quick as thought the young man struck him a light blow on the face with the back of his hand, and springing two paces back placed his hand upon a weapon in his bosom. The gambler would, doubtless, under the irritation, have sprung upon him, but Denton, who was perfectly cool, and who, as he expressed it, would have backed the devil in a skrimmage, if he happened to be his companion, caught him.

"Stop! don't you see he's armed? You shall have fair play when Devil's Dick is about, anyhow."

The proprietor and several of the guests interfered, however, and the belligerents were kept apart.

"Let me go!" exclaimed Rainsford, struggling in the iron-like grip of the boatman. "Don't you see he struck me? I will have satisfaction."

"That's precisely what you shall have, mon ami," said the young creole, with the utmost sangfroid, as he stroked his black, glossy moustache with his small gloved hand.

"Will you, monsieur, have the kindness to act for me? Any gentleman's weapon is the same to me."

This was addressed to a fine, manly-looking creole, who was no other than Armand, the lover of Joanna, who, having escorted him wayward mistress home, and left her as requested, to her own plans, had come hither for the purpose of indulging in a little play. "Dick, you'll stand by, won't you?" said Rainsford, whose blood was up.

"Sartinly," was the reply.

"Let it be with knives," whispered the gambler; "I know these Frenchies, they won't stand close quarters, and perhaps he'll back out."

Denton paid no seeming attention to the suggestion, but stepping aside with Armand, they held a short whispered conference, in which it was agreed that they should adjourn to a *salle d'armes* in the vicinity, where a room often used for similar purposes could be procured, and the affair settled.

Two others were invited as witnesses by Armand and readily accepted by Denton, who "warn't afraid of a whole team himself," as he expressed it.

The party then retired, but not before Rainsford had taken occasion to step aside and swallow nearly a tumbler full of brandy, and the rest of the company returned as quietly to their cards as though their fellow-beings had left them on a jaunt of pleasure instead of with the fatal purpose of taking each other's lives, a duel in New Orleans being too common an affair to create any extraordinary sensation.

The party soon arrived at the *Salle d'Armes*, where, after a few words from Armand to the proprietor, they were shown up into a large room, which was quickly and brilliantly lighted up. It was empty of everything like furniture, but the floor was well-sanded, and around the walls hung gloves, masks, foils and several keen, well-guarded duelling swords. Through the sand several dark spots were visible on the floor, which told of previous encounters. Armand locked the door, and handing the key to one of the gentlemen who came as witness, he took Denton one side.

In the meantime, Rainsford paced the room, regarding with emotion first the stains upon the floor and then his young slight-looking opponent. The latter, with a lighted cigarette in his mouth, which he puffed with great nonchalance, had taken a foil from the wall, the temper of which he seemed to be trying by bending it against the floor. As he stood, with his tight-fitting frock, closely buttoned, his taper waist, but full-developed chest, his fine flashing eyes denoting high courage, and his handsome face, to which the rather heavy black moustache gave a many air, notwithstanding his evident youth, he was a model at once of elegance and grace, an Adonis in form and feature, but none the less, it might be, a dangerous enemy in skill and courage.

"We have the choice of weapons, though we wish no advantage," said Armand to Denton.

"Well, only do the fair thing, that's all I ask," said the boatman.

"Will you take small swords?" asked the other.

"That's an onlikey weapon for a man what don't understand it."

"Pistols, then?"

"Well, that's fairer. Let me speak to him a minute."

After a few words with Rainsford, Dick returned.

"He wants bowie knives, though I hardly think it fair to that little fellow there."

"Knives! It cannot be—they are not the weapons of a gentleman," said Armand.

"Well, if we had only ground enough, and could get a couple of good riles, I think it would be about the fair thing," said Denton.

Rainsford, who had in the meantime approached, and whose courage was evaporating, when he found that Denton was not likely to support him in his attempt to back the young creole out by the choice of bowie knives, here broke in.

"I say, let us take bowies—close quarters is what I like."

"Silence, sir! You have nothing to do here; and if you interfere again, it is with me you must deal, do you understand?" exclaimed Armand, fiercely, as he advanced a step, and looked down the last vestige of a bully in Rainsford. "I say that knives are not the weapons of a gentleman!"

"And I say," exclaimed a shrill, clear voice, "that they are not the weapons of a woman!"

In an instant all eyes were turned to the young creole, who, wiping away the moustaches from his lip with one hand lifted his hat with the other, and shook down masses of black wavy hair, revealing the face of a beautiful female.

"A woman, sure enough, by G—d!" exclaimed Rainsford.

"A gal, by jingo!" said the boatman.

"Joanna, what means this masquerade?" demanded Armand.

"Only the first act of my plot. I wanted to know this man, and found out from the cabman who drove him where he had come. I sought him, but did not expect to find you or exactly to get in a duel. So come along with these two messieurs here, and let us get some supper; I am hungry. Come along, Armand, unless my friend there still wants a shot at me."

"Bah!" said Armand, looking contemptuously at the gambler. The bully, however, had all left Rainsford, and he very quietly departed, with the remark, "Of course he couldn't fight a woman!" accompanied by the boatman, who was politely and cordially saluted by the laughing party, who remained a few minutes, and then went off to seek a supper.

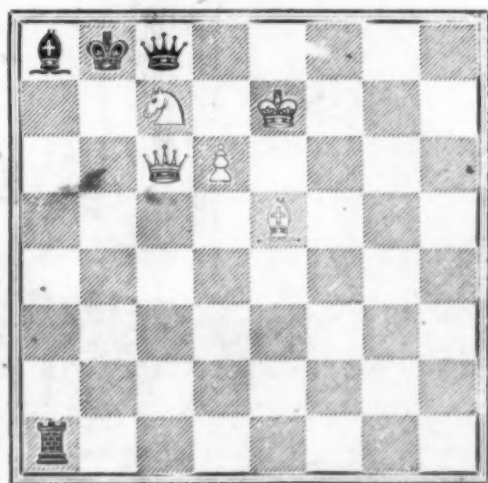
(To be continued.)

#### CHESS.

All communications and newspapers intended for the Chess Department should be addressed to T. Freire, the Chess Editor, Box 2495, N. Y. P. O.

PROBLEM No. 254.—By J. E. P. Oneida, N. Y. White to play and checkmate in three moves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

PROBLEM No. 255, by J. WILKINSON, JR., Syracuse, N. Y.—Situation of the pieces. White—K at Q B 6; B at K 8; —ts at Q B 8 and K B 6; Pawns at Q 1, Q 5, K 5, K B 3 and K Kt 2. Black—K at Q sq. Pawns at Q B 2, 4, 6, 8, K B 2, 6, forming the letter R. White to play and checkmate in four moves.

PROBLEM No. 256, by J. WILKINSON, JR., Syracuse, N. Y.—Situation of the pieces. White—K at K 2; B at K R 6; B at K R 2 and 3; Kts at Q B 5 and Q Kt 8; Pawns at K R 5. Black—K at Q 4; Pawns at Q B 2, 4, Q 5, 6, K 4. White to play and checkmate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 257, by G. E. CARPENTIER, Bartlett, N. Y.—Situation of the pieces. White—K at K 6; Q at Q sq.; B at K sq.; Pawns at K Kt 3 and 5, and Q 3. Black—K at K Kt 3; B at K Kt 2. White to play and checkmate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEM No. 255.—Q to K B 4 (ch); K to Q; K to K Kt 7, and mate is forced the next move.



### THE RETURN OF THE CHICAGO ZOUAVES.

The return of this well-known military organization, which left Chicago on the 2d of July for an extended tour in the East, where their perfection in the military arts have elicited for them the warmest encomiums both from the regular and volunteer forces of their brethren in arms, was looked for with much anxiety in their native city. The hour of arrival was fifteen minutes past seven, but by an accident on the Chicago, Alton and St. Louis Railroad they were detained for two hours near Wilmington. About five o'clock the booming of cannon was heard and the assembling commenced. The military and civic organizations, firemen, Turners, Douglas Invincibles, Lincoln Wide-Awakes, city officers and private citizens assembled on Dearborn Park, and the spectacle presented was grand and imposing. The procession was formed and marched under command of Col. J. B. F. Russel, chief marshal of the occasion, to the depot, to meet the Zouaves. About ten o'clock the signal guns were heard which told that the train was nearing the city. Clark, Washington, Michigan avenues and Lake street, through which the procession passed, were a dense mass of humanity, cheering and waving handkerchiefs. Several hotels, stores and Garrett Block, occupied as the Zouaves' Armory, were finely illuminated and decorated with flags and streamers. From almost every building flights of Roman candles could be seen, and at many corners bonfires were burning.

At no point in the city was the spectacle more imposing than where the procession passed the Tremont House on Lake street, on their way to the Wigwam. Every window and balcony were crowded with ladies and gentlemen anxious to witness the return of the gallant Zouaves. About eight o'clock the great Wigwam was thrown open and the galleries were soon filled. At eleven o'clock the procession entered. The military took the stage, leaving the centre for the Zouave Cadets and the Light Guard Band, in which position they were greeted with deafening cheers and waving of white handkerchiefs from the galleries, after which Mayor Wentworth stepped forward and made a brief and appropriate speech, to which Captain Ellsworth responded, acknowledging, in behalf of his company, the honors paid them in this welcome.

After the reception ceremonies they were escorted to the Briggs House, to partake of a supper, by invitation of the proprietor of the house. Chicago may well be proud of her young Zouaves.

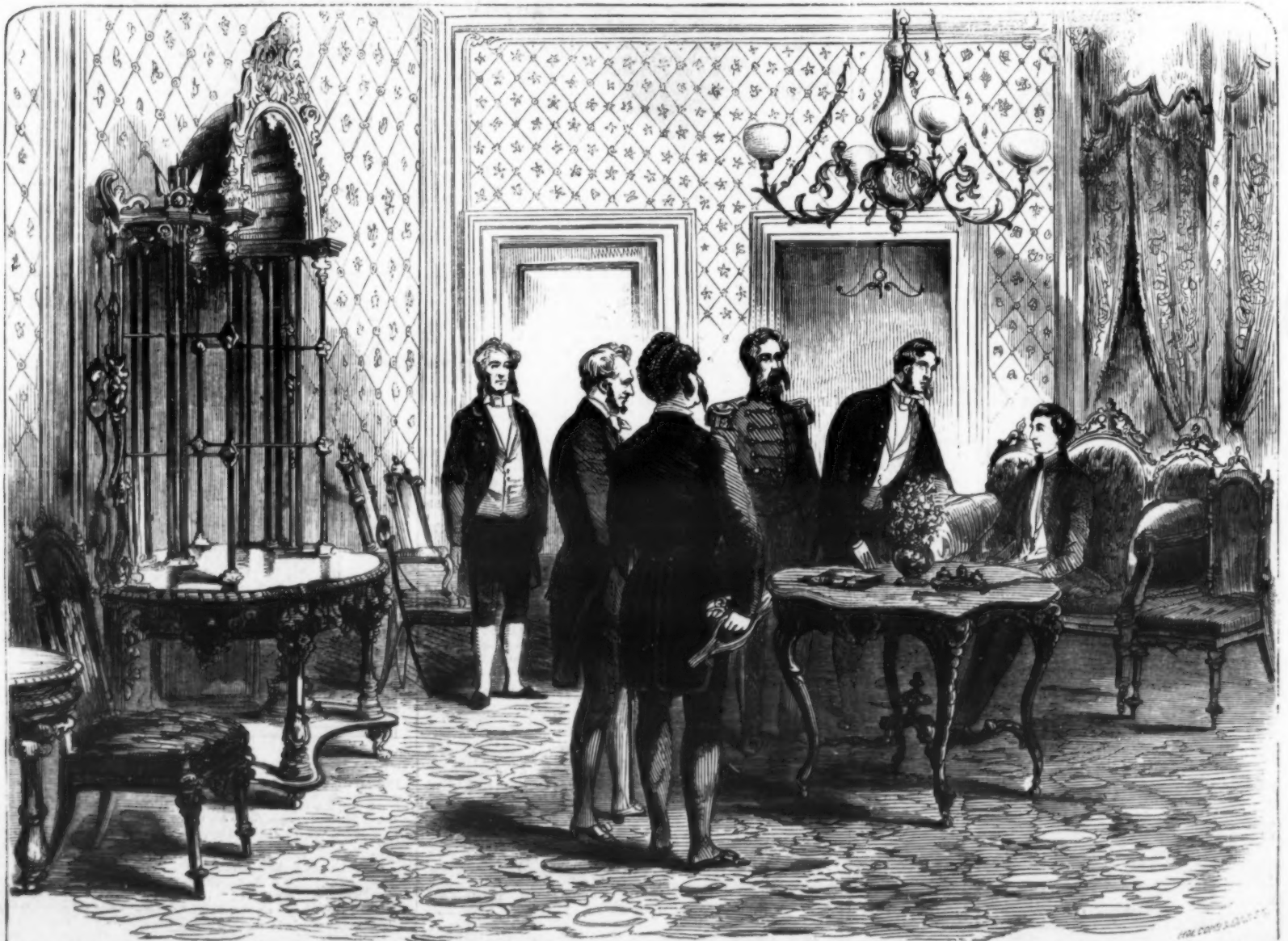


THE RIGHT REV. GEORGE J. MOUN'AIN, THE LORD BISHOP OF QUEBEC.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ELLISON & CO., QUEBEC.

They have won laurels which will ever crown their brows in every city and town they have visited. They have acquitted themselves with much honor, and were received with such demonstrations of rejoicing as have never before been witnessed in Chicago.

### THE ECLIPSE IN SPAIN.

Mr. E. J. Lowe sends to the London Times an account of his observations during the eclipse in Spain. Referring to the general effect on the landscape, he writes: "Before totality commenced the colors in the sky and on the hills were magnificent beyond all description; the clear sky in N. assumed a deep indigo color, while in W. the horizon was pitch-black (like night). In the E. the clear sky was very pale blue, with orange and red like sunrise, and the hills in S. were very red; on the shadow sweeping across, the deep blue in N. changed like magic to pale sunrise tints of orange and red, while the sunrise appearance in E. had changed to indigo. The colors increased in brilliancy near the horizon; overhead the sky was leaden. Some white houses at a little distance were brought nearer, and assumed a warm yellow tint; the darkness was great; thermometers could not be read. The countenances of men were of a livid pink. The Spaniards lay down, and their children screamed with fear; fowls hastened to roost, ducks clustered together, pigeons dashed against the sides of the houses, and flowers closed. I am indebted to Mr. Thompson, master of her Majesty's ship H. Malaya, for the following telescopic observations: Totality commenced at 2h. 52m. 55s., when prominences were visible, one on the west and two on the east, of a bright lurid lake color, followed by the corona shooting out on the east of the sun in two forked tongues. The color of the corona was white, darting outwards. Towards the end of totality another prominence was noticed on the west side of the sun, of the same color as those first seen, and below this a most beautiful collection, as of golden beads closely strung together, shone out, extending to the lowest part of the western limit of the sun. The stars numbered seven and eight in Mr. Hind's map were distinctly visible in the telescope. The cusps of the sun were rounded before and after totality, and the prominences were lurid and well defined. A very considerable variation of the compass took place during the eclipse."



THE PRINCE'S PARLOR IN THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE, QUEBEC, MAGNIFICENTLY FURNISHED BY THE AUTHORITIES OF THE CITY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.





THE PRINCE OF WALES CONFERRING THE ORDER OF KNIGHTHOOD UPON WM. HENRY SMITH, ESQ., SPEAKER OF THE LOWER HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY, IN THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE AT QUEBEC, ON TUESDAY, AUGUST 21ST., 1860.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 228.

#### THE ZOUAVES IN LONDON.

We have just had the Zouaves in New York. Every reader of *Frank Leslie's* has seen them, and every reader of the *Budget of Fun* has had a laugh at them at his own expense, not theirs. Let us therefore inform the public that the Zouaves are now in London, and that they have carried everything there by storm just as though it had only been a Malakoff. We are not joking. At the Princess's Theatre a party of the famous French Zouaves, who were in the Crimea, are now performing some of those pleasant vaudevilles which shed a little cheerfulness on the horrors of that memorable campaign of two winters.

It will be remembered that, to while away the tedium and calamity of the siege of Sebastopol, a few of the famous regiment called *par excellence*, the Zouaves, gave theatrical representations, which were much admired at the time. Some of these amateurs displayed so much talent, and were so much admired, that they formed themselves into a Dramatic Club, and gave many entertainments in Paris. They are now in London, and are as much the rage of the people there as the Chicago Zouaves were lately in Gotham.

The youngest of the Zouaves perform the female parts, and are very excellent bogus ladies. An anecdote is related of these dramatic Zouaves which is very characteristic. During one of their performances the Russians suddenly attacked the Allies. The drum beat to arms, and the Zouave actors, without waiting to change their dress, seized their arms and dashed into the combat. It was a strange sight to see a charge led by a Zouave dressed as a fashionable lady, and an old man dressed à la mode Louis Quatorze, rallying the heroic soldiers.

#### THE ROMANCE OF MURDER.

THE *Cleveland Plaindealer* gives the arrest of an old gang of counterfeiters, who have for many years defied all the usual arts of detection. Among these men are a well-known and highly respectable physician, and a man who forty years ago was quite as notorious as Hicks the pirate, although at the time he did not meet his deserts. Forty years ago a remarkably cold-blooded murder was perpetrated in the State of Vermont. The murdered man was a

brother-in-law of Boorn, named Cobley, and circumstances pointed to Boorn and his brother as the guilty parties. They were tried, convicted and sentenced to be hung. The execution day came, and large crowds poured into the village to see the murderers swing. They ascended the scaffold, and the noose was placed around their necks, when the supposed dead man appeared in the crowd! The Boorns were set free just as they reached death's door, and immediately fled the State. Jesse Boorn, now nearly seventy years old, confessed to Mr. Hackett, of Burton, that he and his brother did murder Cobley—the person who appeared before the gallows being a man from New Jersey, who bore a striking resemblance to the deceased, and who was expressly hired to play the villainous part. The affair created a great excitement at the time throughout New England, and lawyers retained for the defence in desperate murder cases have ever since quoted the Boorn case for the benefit of their clients.

It is believed—indeed Boorn confessed as much—that the hardened wretch proposed to still further steep his hands in blood by murdering Mr. Doolittle, of Boston, who has money which the gang lusted for.



VIEW OF THE PRINCE OF WALES IN QUEBEC—MECHANICS' ARCH BUILT BY THE PRINCE.



The parties who were arrested at Burton are now in jail in this city, and will probably be tried during the present term of the United States District Court.

On last Wednesday Marshal Johnson and Mr. Hackett made another important arrest at North Washington, in Harlow county, securing the persons of Dr. E. B. H. stand, a hitherto respectable physician, and Hiram Hartzel. These parties are charged with manufacturing spurious coin, and were brought to the city and lodged in jail.

### BREVITIES.

What is the difference between a running stream of water and a dog torn in two? The one is a current, and the other a rent cut.

To escape trouble from noisy children—send them to your neighbors' visiting.

A person of the masculine gender putting on female apparel, for the fun of the thing, of course only plays fair.

"Conductor," asked a railroad passenger, "are you running on time to-day?" "No, sir; we are running for cash."

"A bad wife," says an old author, "is confusion, weakness, discomfiture, and despair." Had enough, is it not, good woman?

The natural genius of Mrs. Partington was recently well illustrated when she put a tub in the garden to catch the soft water when it was raining hard.

"The clouds begin to break," said Harriet, during yesterday's rain. She was impatient for an opportunity to go shopping. Just so, "was the answer as the speaker glanced from the window; "they leak bad enough to be sure."

"Landlord," said a commercial traveller, "you do me too much honor—you let me sleep among the big bugs last night." Oh, don't be too modest, my dear sir," said the landlord; "I doubt not they have your own blood in their veins."

The servant of a Prussian officer one day met a crows, who inquired of him how he got along with his fiery master. "Oh, excellently!" answered the servant. "We live on very friendly terms; every morning we dust each others coats; the only difference is, he takes his off to be dusted, and I keep mine on."

An invincible wit and punster asked the captain of a craft, loaded with boards, how he managed to get dinner on the passage. "Why," replied the skipper, "we always cook aboard." "Cook a board, do you?" rejoined the wit; "then I see you have been well supplied with provisions this trip, at all events."

A lady was told the other day by a travelling gentleman, that every lady who had a small mouth was provided with a husband by the government. "Is it possible?" said the lady, making her mouth as little as she could. The gentleman added, "that if she had a large mouth she was provided with two husbands." "My gracious!" exclaimed the lady, at the same time throwing her mouth open to its full extent. The gentleman became alarmed, made his escape, and has not been heard of since.

Soon after the telegraph was put in operation on the line of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad in Martin county, one of the natives stepped into the office and wanted to know the price of pork in Cincinnati. In a few moments an answer came, with a charge of thirty-five cents for the information; but the "hoosier" was too smart to be caught that way, and replied, "Oh, no, Mr. Telegrapher, you can't fool me that way. I'm not as green as you think I am! That darn tickin' thing of yours has't been out of this room; I watched it all the time!"

A worthy Dutchman lately sued his neighbor for killing a dog. In the course of his examination, the Dutchman being asked what was the value of his dog, replied, "Ash for ter dog, he was worth shod nothing at all; but ash he was so mean ash to kill him, I swear I makes him pay te fell value of him."

A young lady, who is of course poetical, and who has just crossed the Channel, describes the engines of the steamer as "two of the politest monsters that ever is used from Pandemonium; a happy family dancing the eternal Lancers with grace and ease, and without hot torous noise or pretence."

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As a Wash for the complexion has no equal. It is distinguished for its soothing and purifying effect, allaying all tendency to inflammation, especially that arising from bites of mosquitoes, stings of insects, &c. It is a powerful cleanser of the skin, removing Tan, Freckles, Pimples and all discolorations. These, with its refreshing and invigorating properties, render it an indispensable requisite for the toilet.

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The Valley of souls—The Goddess Sheolala announcing the Decree of Brabna; The Girl of Patna Accepting her Destiny.  
Major André's Watch.  
Goldsmith and his Peach-Blossom Coat.  
The Coronation of Hugh Capet.  
Unpleasant Encounter.  
The Blacksmith—The Concealed Firearms; The Traitor's Death.  
Asses in the East.  
The Assassination.  
The Donkey-hire Militia—The Marquis's Arms; Going to the Archery Meeting.  
Brutus and his Neighbors.  
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Fever and Ague is not alone the consequence of the miasmatic poison. A great variety of disorders arise from its irritation, among which are Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Headache, Blindness, Toothache, Earache, Catarrh, Asthma, Palpitation, Painful Affection of the Spleen, Hysterics, Pain in the Bowels, Colic, Paralysis and Derangement of the Stomach, all of which, when originating in this cause, put on the intermittent type, or become periodical. This Cure expels the poison from the blood, and consequently cures them all alike.

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### Question.

WHAT is the best and simplest medicine to take this hot weather?

ANSWER—SANDS' SARSAPARILLA! 249

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THE BUDGET PROVERBS, OR SERMONS AT SIGHT.

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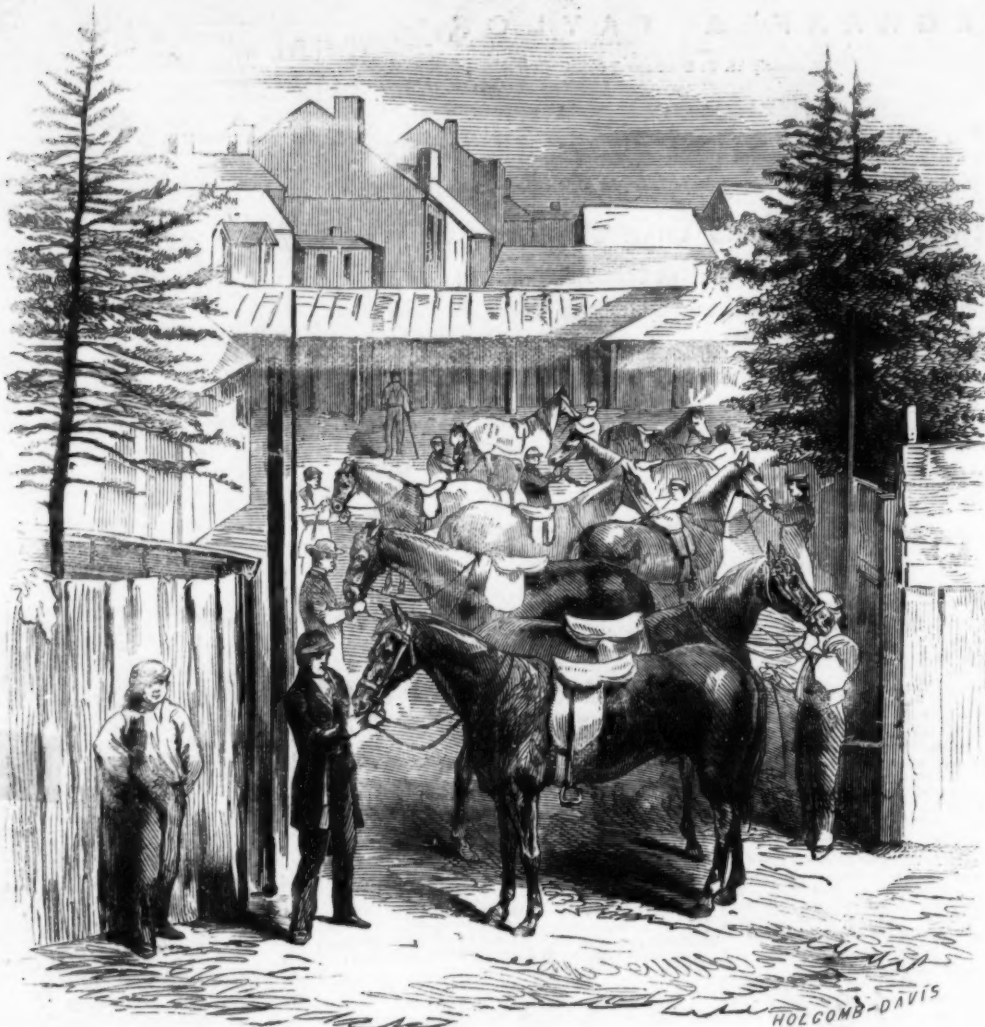
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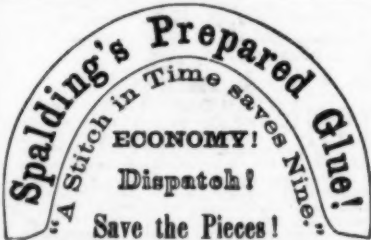
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